





# Academe Master Baiter



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**1**



# The Ending Wisdoms

The ending wisdom is imperfect and polyamorous to the valuation of ideals from ideas.

The Socratic method has become flipped by our dependent connectedness. To debate makes one now just more rooted in their view as debate has become a matter of win or lose rather than both being able to win and to get to some new truth. The process of discussion -- *of discourse* -- is to get to a new truth, but our intellectuals and philosophers have gone a full 180° and we are now back at the beginning of philosophy for a new time: where we can see all that is obvious and see through seeing through things. To where structures, forms, values... are all now completely abstractions. There is no formality, only posting. We've gone beyond truth and have forgotten what it takes to get truth. That truth doesn't come only from science or spir-

it or logic, truth comes from science and/or spirit and/or logic.

Intuition acts as something which one can act on without having to reason, it is not mystical or psychic, it is an understanding. *All actions are reasoned*, whether conscious or nonconscious, and intuition is a nonconscious reasoning from the ability to having already consciously reasoned. To intuitively reason is to be the largest holder of reason and emotion.

We all have intuition, some who listen to their inner voice is more in touch with *it* than others. Intuition is not separate from logic, it is based *in* logic and exists as a higher species of reality to logic.

Philosophy is positioned *toward* intuition, to make things so reasonable that one doesn't have to think about something consciously any longer — *obviousness is intuitive*.

Philosophy is egoistic socialism: uncapitalized, unmodified, self-motivated. If philosophy is to be private, it is not philosophy. Philosophy is the root of all investigation. By proxy: no free science, no good science. With the incentive of a capital gain, the work is then for the capital gain, not for the work itself. If not self-motivated, and perhaps eventually socially motivated, it is motivated by the best way one can make some money, not by the art of thought.

Philosophy begins and ends with questioning. To question what is around you, to even begin at the surface level of theorizing to attempt to understand and describe this world around you-you are experiencing. The question which leads to the theory before and praxis is the praxis of philosophy — *experience*. To experience is to understand

that understanding is full experience. To feel is to understand and to understand is to feel.

There is no new thought and all should reject and come to resent that label of originality, for there can never be new thought as all thought, *abstract thought*, has been abstracted and thought already. We cannot feel deeper thoughts with the thinking there is more to think that what we already overthink.

To not know is the beginning to understand to appreciate and clarify; knowledge is an autocratic rule over the mind, unnomadic and nationalized.

Everything makes sense, few things are correct.

The end of a thing in its own nominality is not the end in itself; the end of the ending and beginning is the beginning itself, the beginning of that differentiation of abstract thought within that paradigm to praxis.

Philosophy is mental psychogeography; psychogeography is pictured philosophy.

Philosophy is a hot, deep pink. Science is a dark green. Politics is a Cookie Monster blue. Math is a dark blue. Economics is a yellow. A year ago I'd fully agree, now I feel like philosophy is a dark green and economics feels like it could be, too. But what I feel of the colors of the subjects are independent of the subjects themselves, the subjects exist before and within the color which I feel. The color of subjects, perceiving them as subjects, is arbitrary yet concrete in designing of the perception of favoritism of subjects.

Philosophy, on the largest social scale as a grand nar-

rative in history, has evolved to the point at which it has reached its apex but has yet to be sorted from the subjects.

The paradoxes in philosophy exist not as problems to be solved; paradoxes are solved in themselves — ambiguity and contradiction is the rule, we have few physical and mental manifestations which are congruent and we've let the paradigm contour to thinking what is not contradictory to be the field of philosophy and sciences.

The philosophical journey is music to the eyes. Eye fruit, naturally sweet.

I have neglected philosophy, the process of learning and thinking and investigating, and I had momentarily killed myself by not killing myself. I forgot the rush of thinking, of feeling the importance of ideas. From being lectured only in one-way conversation, I found myself dying by not realizing my own mental death then.

The philosophy I find and note and realize in myself and the world is the philosophy that I could have realized harder and sooner.

In the end, *when the end is*, it seems only natural to confide in the beginning in which you could have made no mistakes. But what that only proves is you just want to exist a vagina again. Who is to end the ending but the ending itself, when all things do end? The end is the time in which one ends the ender, the endee, and the ND.

Philosophy is rooted in the practicality of the abstraction of the world, as the obvious is stated abstractly from the things which all have a vague idea of but cannot make obvious sense of. The detachment from ideas in philosophy

is not the vagueness of an idea but the lack of contact with abstraction — to find the world comprised of facts but not live in and beyond them.

Philosophical investigation is the seduction of the mind to have a livable sex, a giant joke of comforting sexual tension. “My intercourse” and “my self-enjoyment,” as Big Forehead would say.

Our philosophies tell an interesting story about us: we think *in* dichotomies. Even if we may understand that both the Democratic and Republican parties are beholden to corporations, we may not entertain the thought of something beyond political parties. Even if we may consider that the objective is dependent on a typically perfect object, we may not entertain the thought of a subject being as perceivably as perfect. We *cling* to a theory which we first feel suits what we have been investigating prior, then, defend that theory based on the knowledge we have gained learning — potentially obsessing — over the theory or philosophy. We look to this theory religiously eventually and ideology becomes the odd mother-daughter to religious thought: ideology, fixed thought, is what leads to religion; fixed thought is the result of religious thinking.

The bastardization of a philosophy is to disconnect the future neurons of philosophy students.

Philosophy, as a romantic study, captures the phenomena of spirit and becomes distant from spirit. Philosophy is distant and close, poetic and academic, all and nothing it can want to be. We can see clearer in what is the supposed essence, but no essence is known without experience — a noncyclic philosophy with praxis is distance and only tracing the world.

The critique of philosophy itself is birthed from the critique derived in philosophy which leads to that scientific process we so desperately -- and reasonably, cling to. That philosophy's death signifies its beginning in obfuscatory strength. That it only holds weight in its obfuscation. In the ramblings of the metaphysician, we find the meta to be the real in that there is no demarcation in the realism department: the realism is only the ism of really ideal. It feeds itself and makes me hungry by wanting to buy acid. By wanting to have sex. By wanting to love so much more intensely. By wanting to think. I want to have that time to fucking think and fuck and think, fuck.

Music is philosophy experienced audibly.

Philosophy is that place which exists between emotion and rationality, a place which is obvious and holistic. Where the artists and the logicians are no longer dichotomous. It recognizes the world as it obviously is: whatever you wish to make it out to be, as absurd as possible.

Philosophy progresses stagnantly in becoming its cyclic obviousness. The philosophy of philosophy is philosophy itself: there is no philosophy discontented with the obviousness of everything in the world and otherworldly.

Often we think our current perspectives to be right, and perhaps they are but one can only be ever right in the continual sense of rightness -- to change on a continuum more than any sort of perspective which is an absolute. The only absolutes which exist are the absolutes of no absolute nature of things, that things are constantly changing and what is absolute now is changing. The foundations of physics, it seems, must be constantly changing as, if not, then why do we not have it all figured out? Other than the obvious answer of it would take forever -- and take a

supercomputer or someone who can think like a supercomputer -- to do so. Learning everything is only possible by the possibility of learning a lot, there's never too much to learn. Learn in the contingency of making understanding, that is. Our perspective is wrong here, but I'm clearly right, right? Postmodernism is what this gets to. The caricature of Postmodernism is like an acid trip without understanding past the deconstruction and more of looking past "it."

Philosophy exists as a subject in the universe, not a subject of study. Philosophy is an act, it is, to blatantly follow Wittgenstein, a clarification of the world. To which we can eventually look at the world from previously looking through it. The absurdity of philosophy stems from the absurdity of the world itself: to do anything, to get peace from chaos.

Philosophy is asexual.

**2**



# The Spirit Liver

The ignorant platitude begins, the difference from valuation ends.

You cannot control a life that is seeking after surviving. If your mode of life is to first think of survival -- survival particularly in acquiring man-made values -- you're only surviving. We must control ourselves. How do we do this when we are not in control? When is work involuntary? The voluntary nature of something is to have the choice to do something and the consequences of not doing so are not to live less. If it is the option that to have a place to sleep you must have a job to do so, that is not freedom. The only job which can ever work is a job that you don't have to depend on to live.

Life is suffering in the exact sense that we are affected

more by our reaction than proaction. Our lives, in themselves, are not to fully suffer for suffering is a reactive state of resisting pain. We must resist pain, of course, but that is not what our lives are comprised of. To live is not to suffer, to live is to minimize resisting pain.

No, living is to suffer, for the only way to strengthen the mind is through difficulty. This does not have to mean difficulty in not being able to afford a surgery or having to witness a murder, it only means a challenge to one's own perspective. To have a perspective challenged is difficult, to practice being challenged and accept difficulty makes the mind stronger and more adverse to the new. Life is difficulty, and life is to resist pain. To resist the pain of adjustment.

Consistently, and so easily, we are finding the horse-shoe in the pile of horse shit, yet not finding some valuable horse babies in some horse shit -- or something of that nature.

To live, to survive as a liver, anatomically and physically, is the only way in which to truly live as a liver itself.  
*To liv-*

Diogenes killed Diogenes but capitalism killed his spirit. Diogenes' spirit is rebirthed in squatting and lifestyle relations.

The prospect of change and of progression effects true progression in the matters of heart and the compassion of the perceived evils of 'men. The change of heart negates the holistic nature of emotion, that the most negative emotion impacts the most positive, there is no separation from the monster and the saint. They are birthed

in the same emotional response to disposition of circumstances, it is the matter of whether the heart becomes alien to their place they become a “monster” or whether they remain embraced by their placement they become a “saint”, character is a physiology.

Live by one book and you die. Live by one man and you die. Live by one and you die. One is prime and odd, your death.

**3**

# The Informed Subject

The obscure begins and continues, the coherent ends and continues.

The line between obscurantism and coherentism is drawn by the obscurantist who doesn't have obscurity in coherency. He finds chaos and order, informality and form, to be opposites rather than the clear and obvious praxis they are.

The obscure lies in the flowerbed of abstraction and fucks it as if abstraction were its cousin in Arkansas; the obscure, that cloud of sunburned rain, exists in the repression of idealism and abstraction: to think the abstract to be a tool of the highly advanced and trained. The tools of abstraction are attainable from any with the receivers we named "neurons". Physics, biology, the "hard, noble scienc-

es” are as attainable as any social science for the politics of the scientific inquiry is as inescapable as genetic variation from fucking your cousin, obscurity.

To obfuscate is to resex all words which have been unsexed and alienated from and between us.

The vaguarity of thought arises from a set of complex simplifications; the dishonesty of vagueness is the honesty of abstraction.

The rules for revolution are so subject to variation that Communism 2 is in Communism 1 — communization.

Perceived inevitability is not justified inevitability, it comes back to *perception* — perception which, without perspective, will remain flawed until seeing the inevitable is never always inevitable.

The valuation of the car which happens to crabs into the free tree which is heard by the five lights I see walking home — the home which holds significance for my formation of understanding what I have heard before my eyes. In the academy, I was taught to hear before I see, with my eyes, I’d only see through bug to hear and listen to the world and see it fully. The sight is to be higher, for that’s why the psychedelic experience is conflated with the hallucinogenic one after all: to drive that car into what we hear is to obey the rules of the road and forget to hit the strings correctly, making a complete nonsensical psychedelic rap. Don’t do the new one for being is already contented on the beingness of understanding that being is already a beingness to beginning.

The more we understand subjectivity the closer to that

fake perfect veil of objectivity we get, but subjectivity will never be gone in the subjects.

The lack of humor is not the presence of pain and trauma but of alienation. Capitalism breeds boring people.

Obfuscate to the point at which the truth is hidden in plain sight.

Logic is feeling logic and feeling is logical feeling.

Anger and annoyance are emotions based on misunderstanding, not understanding something makes us annoyed by the annoyance of another being inevitable by linguistic mischaracterization. The obscurity of thought is the end of annoyance, so is cohesion, but thought, due to the nature of symbolic change between anyone, will inevitably cause annoyance.

A meme unstolen is a miscarried meme.

The difference between riding in a limousine and riding in a Volkswagon is to ride in a limousine one must pretend to ride in a Volkswagon first. The limo is the lima.

Theory, in theory, lasts longer than practice.

The necessity of obfuscation lies in the necessity of the ideal -- to be without the necessary implication. The implicit precludes deceit and clear instruction, that there must be the clear structure one must adhere to. By the implications of structures are far deeper than the language used to describe a structural way in which to go about the ideal at hand. The ideal must become ideal in itself to not become the pure ideology which leads to the bastardiza-

tion of language. Necessity, *ideological necessity*, is the necessity of the mean to do only the perceived necessary. For the necessary is not necessarily necessary.

The praxis of praxis is theory.

The problem of the valuation of reason is from the reasoning of reason itself when reason cannot be reasoned.

Truth does not exist?

The foundations of all communicated concepts find themselves predicated on beliefs, the aim of language is the foundational appreciation. To see the formal, not the external. The chaos is the form and the form the chaos itself. Your mother is a form.

One must draw the line between the line of reasoning and the line of the way we reason a line to be. If I am to draw the line, watch me draw this line and tell me otherwise, from what point have I drawn it and in what way will you oppress my line?

In four billion years, it only makes sense we'd be the ones to use our ability to understand the universe to cry over other people we cannot see on this small cock.

The real finish is the connected finish that is not done sequentially but is done with that decentralized mode of thought which oversees the connection of these previously unconnected ideas for you. You become the connector and the abolitionist of the collexion.

There is a big, dark, hooded man in our minds. He's a



chill guy.

The horror of all things comes from the contradictory nature of that thing's existence. That it contradicts what is possible and what is understood is horrific and scary. Yet the world is contradictory to itself; social and individual, universal and personal, qualitative and quantitative, micro and macro. The World in itself is the beginner and ender to the contradictory nature of contradictions for it sets the nature then contradicts it. Paradox is scary and the nature of what is scary is the comfort in ambiguity; the thrill of ambiguity is a personal universality and is the appreciation of all -- to seek the inherent unnatural state of all things. The symbolic nature is objective by subjective nature.

The philosophical deduction is the uncategorical -- the *horror*. To learn is to appreciate horror, for horror exists in being uncategorical. To have our categorization, compartmentalization of the World be an inconstant and completely unfixed is terrifying and makes our skin crawl. The reading and understanding of new knowledge are to fall into the pit of ambiguity, obfuscation to concrete.

The beginning and end job is to say, and the ending of the end job is to do.

Atheism holds no positivity, it is a moot point which exists only in the vague positivity correlated to it. All atheism teaches is the important lesson to begin not to believe in anything, for all-belief (and all belief) is all-corrupting. To believe is the moralism; to not believe is amorality -- neither is optimal, not even in valuistic foundations. The ethics of a God exists as much as a God does.

The importance of a science is the evaluation of the

unimportance of macro happenings, that all change happens through manipulation. There will be a point at which that mother and child will quantum tunnel and the quantum particles of the back of her hand will come into close proximity of the particles in the child's face and he will stop screaming. But it's a process; a process, if he keeps screaming, will speed up, and his mother will have slapped the taste out of his ungrateful mouth.

Some things which are written as pure nonsense are written for the pure senses.

The horribly nonsensical happenings of the mind exist for the case of experience, and experience is the only pure sense which can exist obscurely as a socially individual happening.

The nonsensical changes only what you think. How we think is changed by the pictures which come from what we experienced. The symbols -- the pictures -- of thought, do not replace thought but is thought itself; the manipulation of pictures, artistry of propaganda, is the political mythology of life -- The Spectacle, the spooks.

All ideal ideas exist so simply complex that only the simply complex will be able to help the complexly simple understand the simple complexity. The hope lies in the hopelessness of the arbitrary binary of intelligence and stupidity.

The nonsensical aphorism is the one which is coherently obscurantist and obscurely coherent; a note by Wittgenstein.

Big words are big words by the perception big words

are big words; the meanings of the big word is underpinned by the foreign, nonplasticity of the meaning in our understanding of symbolic thought.

For something to be excused, it must not be valid explanation. Bad things happening to you excuses your pessimism and explains it, but explains nothing beyond that.

The small aphorism is long and small, a can-sized girthiness to it.

Classification is the evolution of symbolic thought and manifests itself in our language necessarily. Cis and trans classification are necessary, gay and bi classification are necessary — to become heard from those who deviate from the foundationally crippled norm, to diss classification of any kind by normative morals rather than foundations of language is the antithesis of empathy, on multiple grays.

There is no sense of a nonlogic for all which exists in the formation of all objects itself.

Humans are logical, particularly sociological, beings. Logic itself has no inherent validity, only first soundness; all logic is sound — all is a rationalization — but few reasoning is valid. The “logical” man is no less valid in his worldview than the supposed “emotional” man.

Getting a day off from work is turning the day on.

There is no amount of information which can be used too often. It is better to be bombarded with the same fact that can help you than to never come across that fact. I came across the helpful information that couples, when hurt, should say “ouch.” It is helpful for communication.

I have read that in many articles, but what point would I have to become annoyed by seeing this?

To find interest in any person who you think has not thought something stupid before shows an inability to understand 25% white.



**4**

# Post- Case Appreciation

The ending wisdom is the appreciation of difference, recognizing it from amplified senses — unending.

The more you rationalize why you love someone is the more you rationalize it: you fool yourself into thinking you have more reasons than just reason to do so itself. The abstract foundations of love, like a science, exist hyperfactually — *granted and circular*: “I love you because I have the ability to love you, I possess the ability to love because I love you.”

Love, as a deep holistic appreciation of our World, begins and concludes with the obviousness of repetition. Within the cycle, the process is to learn and feel the process of learning. To feel love is to feel the obvious World around us and extrapolate it to become learned and feel-

able. The unfelt world is an illogical world. The object slaves, the psychopathology of man, lives in a logician's World rather than becoming the logician.

Love is intersected by individual choice. If I am to think of a train and you are to think of a train, we are both individually thinking of trains, but the mere thought of thinking the train is not itself intersecting in both of us. The train exists socially and individually, and love (as mutual, acted out caring connection) is socially individual. It is organically central and formally decentral. The multiple loves we have for our friends are not centrally constructed; our friends, if we are connected, exist in our lives like a web. And we construct this web of friendships hierarchically in the deepness of connection. But all friends, if we love them as we say we do, are equally in quality of the quantity of time we and they need and the amount of affection we and they need. Love is anarchistic, centrally and organically decentralized.

The love which is immature and "childish" begins with fear or respect. The love from respect is a love predicated without first an understanding, for life must be conscionable and understanding of the one whom or what we love; we cannot fully understand another but we can understand them, and the sense of understanding, if thus conscientiousness and compassionate empathy, is the love which has maturation behind it. The to love a philosopher out of respect of their philosophy is not love it is only adoration. To love the ideas of the philosopher only is to not love the philosopher fully but to only love the philosophy which he espouses. The philosophy is inextricably linked to the philosopher and no philosopher who has come to his philosophy completely by another philosopher and has not connected the philosophies he has gained, the knowledge



acquired, he is no philosopher. The lover of a philosophy is no lover at all; only the love of the philosopher, foundationally, is.

The aspect of romantic connection as being more vulnerable derives from a dependency that sees romance as the pinnacle of human experiences -- it is to unwittingly romanticize romance. Love as all-care is forgotten.

To grow cold or distant to a lover one sees on a constant basis is not the absence of heat but too much; to burn out and be exposed to hellish temperatures. Only some manage to withstand hell together.

The only definition of true love is to see Hell interdependent of and with each other.

I grow distant from the distance caused by not not knowing enough but knowing enough to feel excluded -- the fetus, which must be yeeted, from thinking on compulsion to need to understand.

Conflict will only never be neutral when internal conflict is never faced.

The measure of love which has deepened is not openness but the comfortable nature of being open. Openness in all relationships, all trusting relationships, is a given foundation; to find comfort in openness beyond the initial thrill of vulnerability and find the excitement -- the "desire" -- in habit and routine is to reach zero.

Misunderstanding is the disturbance of love.

The lover out of the benefit of love loves cold and

distant to what 'he loves.

The love out of benefit is to be alien from the topological position relative to that which one loves: to fall victim to situations and circumstances rather than to disregard that which is beyond control. The care(love) for another which is circumstantial, connected or distant, is asexual lust.

The relationship which exists online is one that will never last; if facets of personality are shared indirectly and the multiple lives we lead with others is seen without specific intent to be seen by you, despondence and withdrawal occur. It is to see too much of them and not enough, to see who they are with and what they are doing rather than for them to show you. It's voyeuristic and obsessive. It's to want to follow the evolved Judge Judy and see her mostly naked, but Instagram censors nipples. If we can't see the nipples of another person, we're falling into an idea of them only.

To put a face to love is to fuck it.

There are bonds which run deep enough to put shame to all others. The concept of a best friend is to have to mean complete inseparability. Even in distance, the formation of thought, at one point, will involve the love of the other -- be it romantic or otherwise -- connection occupies the brain more than it ever could the heart. The heart can be broken but the brain can be squished; a love which exists in the heart is fragile by circumstance. Love, experientially and observably, exists in the mind.

The relationships which exist in title and are contended on assertions to maintain the title rather than actions to maintain it is only a title from possession -- from fear of

losing control over the possessed. The union of anything happens on foundation of connectivity and connections exists uniquely on an atomized level.

The label of friend does not inherently insinuate a complete exclusivity of friendship, that they are your only friend. A boyfriend or girlfriend or spouse of some kind, by socialization, infers that possession between those who refer to each other with the title. The person belongs to the other exclusively unless stated otherwise. The label derived from the desire to be with another romantically and/or sexually simplifies relations to such a degree a partner becomes possessed and the pressure to maintain this relationship exists.

Hurt, which is inevitable in any relationship, can only be mended and tolerated and healed by understanding. The presence of understanding love is where the hurt is hurt to death.

Love, because its existence is strange, only exists between strangers. To love, fall out of loving connection, then connect again is to restart with no knowledge of them; become stranger to each other; the invocation of mystery.

It would seem on the surface that what divides romantic interest from that of a friendship is the level of vulnerability and dependence on connection, but that is a sentiment which comes from power for oneself. The true friendship, or any relationship, precludes vulnerability and connection.

The conflicted, perceivably aloof and confused but somehow incredibly brilliant, people are the enigmatic

ones -- the ones who stir an obsessive love in the problem solver. The sexual desire awakens in the mystery of the conflicted person, the love comes from the appreciative accommodation of them but never a true understanding. The love fluctuates for the problem solver amidst the conflicts of the enigmatic partner, in the presence of hurt from conflict where sexual desire is still present, the detachment labels itself still as "love" because it is but a confused one in which neither the hurting nor healing reveal themselves to overpower the other. If the problem solver becomes hurt too often and remains attached it will become toxic and the mix of hypersexuality will lead to a repression deep enough to seep into the breaking down of perception of personality. The problem solver becomes conflicted, too, to feel connected and detached, resentful and caring, toward the enigma. The love which exists as the highest form of love for the problem solver is a double-edged sword, but to carry the sword, in spite of getting cut, is intoxicating and unlike any stable hilt.

The functionality of a collective relationship of any kind must be in the individual relations between all involved to be understood completely with each other, to understand when the other is feeling alien to the rest and when personality inevitably clashes with other personalities. At some level, there is a root from which the relationship comes and an understanding is formed.

Love exists like valuation, love is a gradation between a problem solver and a problem, valuation is a gradation from subject to object. The love for the problem solver will inevitably become a problem to solve, the emphasis on experience is known but slyly hidden behind possessive tendency and such a lack of physical interaction even the voices are sexually energetic.

Jealousy is the ugliest emotion yet the one most easily attracted to. It is the only emotion which, upon receiving the small stimulation that causes jealousy, sends a shock-wave through the body and leaves one mentally traumatized. Even any remnant of jealousy sparks the same pain as any initial jealousy.

Jealousy, as the most debilitating emotional response, is rooted in a false objectivity of that which we are jealous about; it is to be betrayed by our own mind for making up incongruent principles to reality. To sit and feel the weight of an elephant on my chest -- the elephant -- over my object of affections cravings, as I have mine, is a remnant of the principle of social capital, a misunderstanding of level of affection and nature of affection which hurts to the core. I write this after feeling jealous. The discomfort of feeling for someone else sexually comes from not having a space to feel comfortable, particularly if the desire is on one person. So I'll sit and ruminate over their cravings and feel guilty for my own, to become an accidental creep from an obsessive personality.

Love is the mother of all paradox: to feel like an adult and child, to be intelligent and stupid, to give and take; "Love is all," to parrot Kierkegaard.

Never be attracted, only connected. Attraction is one-sided.

If you add nothing to what you love, you love nothing.

Life is too brief to not be able to connect and express love with someone when given the chance. Even if for a day or a couple of weeks, some is better than none. The thought of an end of some kind is scary. The thought of

vulnerability is scary. I'm tired of being scared of feeling; to not act on emotion as much as reason is the only reason reason loses its power to fear and eventual isolation. I tried and continuously fail at all things emotionally, I fail at creating myself.

The presence of open choice is the absence of manipulation.

Love is a choice, we cannot choose to love if the factors of being able to choose are limited. Love, fully discriminatory love, is anarchy. It is to maximize one's own choice as to be in love is only a feeling, to remain in it -- to mutually love -- is to make a decision of choice based on an emotional understanding.

It's too tiring to be scared of being emotionally available. It's irrational to be scared of being emotionally available.

The first love is the only love which exists for a person, but that love changes only its face to now attach that understanding towards.

The way in which loving others must come from oneself first is by the fact that loving is a matter of who you love, not of your love. If you are to unwittingly focus on how the person makes you feel rather than who the person is -- as a separate entity from you, no product of you nor you of them -- you understand them as they are rather than who you think or, unfortunately, want them to be. The heart of fake love is a desire to only feel love, to feel good about yourself -- to love yourself for being able to, as you perceive, love someone else. If you love someone else, you must realize you are not the center. Love is a decentralized

discrimination of another. The more authority you pose, the less choice of you and who you love given to be able to love beyond you, is where you then stop loving yourself. That is why setting someone (or something) free is, despite its cliché, essential to love. If no return, no love for you centrally. Which is fine, and if you cannot handle that you are not the center, you're fixed and need fixing.

When should one ever wait for someone else? To wait for love when you've found eats at you, it is rougher than any hatred from or towards you; it eats at the core of what makes you human. The human in us wants to love and is capable of a deep compassion and without expression of compassion, it becomes hollow and self-serving, to self-decay. To not be able to love and to wait is no worse than unloving, it's to warp the person, to constantly doubt, and to feel a jealousy and insecurity towards anyone who has the privilege of just being in their presence. But the presence is only a gift rather than privilege, a gift must be given, and only can love be given, never in a state of given by necessity. Love by necessity is no love, it is suggestive, coercive manipulation of a situation. Love is a choice to commit to what you feel and to commit to feeling with another. Those with commitment issues can love, but love with only the most patient people who understand their inability to commit completely -- an inability brought by an unfortunate impulsiveness. Impulsiveness which can be changed if needed for the human is only in control of their patience, too. In the non-committed, only the opposite can connect. The most patient person is deep inside the one who cannot commit for they have to learn what it means to commit and build foundation of commitment.

Love can only be love if it enhances understanding. And the only way to enhance understanding is by the dif-

ference of perspective that was not included in what you love.

The love which exists without sexual feeling is an un-artistic love. The art that doesn't release the disturbed, horny primate in you and exists as only aping rather than making the aping is the art that exists supernaturally -- the art that is nonfractal and has no sexiness to it. I want to have passionate sex with art.

Love is liberation and liberation is love.

Self-sabotaging behaviors aren't only self-sabotage when you have people who care about you and are connected to you.

The notion of intense connectivity and intense loneliness due to the social nature of Internet is not a clever expression of feeling, it's the actual, only-perceivable paradoxical nature of our relations with everyone. The people we follow who share what parts of their lives they want to share with the world is a disembodiment of connection, to have the network to remain connected with a fragmentation of output yet be distant to interaction. It is to be an asexual voyeur. The crumbling distance of relationships begin with the secrets hidden in plain sight shared publicly or privately.

The proof that we need love to live at some point is in the fact that if there's never been a point at life you've been loved -- never held as a baby, never felt the touch of another -- you'd be dead now. Love kills and so does the lack of it. I need companionship, someone to show me the love I have yet to get.



The accidental constriction any parent can give is by having a lonely child. If you are the only constant on their life, they will be disappointed in everything, unable to find more constants — dependent and anxiety-ridden. The constant of loneliness is more damaging in dependence than any truly imposed authoritarianism. If a child feels that you are the only one who has their back, codependence is caused.

Rejection is better than regret. In rejection, you understand neither exists eventually. It's not just you.

The great and unfortunate situation with connection to another person in the generation is that we are so connected it is impersonal. The problem of connection is itself the solution to be connected.

If who you loved has not either awakened something beautiful within you or grown something from you, it is not love. Love between two people is the growth of both as better, more informed, appreciative, and caring, people.

The feelings which derive from the presence of a deep love are as object-based matter of fact as a muffin is a cupcake.

Not needing a hug is to not be human. You heard me.

Communication is the root of not only relationships but of all relations; the decentral relativity of things is communicated, from the individual to social, to the universal to personal, to the sexual and romantic.

It seems the hardest thing we sometimes can do is to do nothing. The hardest thing being an identifier of that

which is troublesome for the person. It's troublesome to exist, firstly. Troublesome to connect to another's existence -- trouble from interdependence;- or if unhinged, codependency.

Love, ideally, exists as much of a connection as it does a disconnection. Love is, in its individual dimension, isolated between two subjects; in its social dimensions, it is holistic in its ambiguity and smoothness.



**5**

# The Shinola Stain

The surreal is the combination of the obscure and coherent, what makes immediate sense and what conflicts in our perception of that sense. The paradoxical part of psychedelia is the appreciation of the surreal as a facet of a real virtual reality contingent on patterns made by us but we cannot first realize as *made by us*.

The perceivably uniform design patterns which are condensed to a set of quantity as valuable set the preconditions for fixed ideas. The place at which an idea is tied in a bow is the place at which graphic design is a *capital* rather than an experimentation of *sense* and *print*. The symbolism of the work brought into printed being is a visual language evolved to be primitive, merely imagery.

The universal philosophy which cannot explain a per-

sonal philosophy is an unpsychedelic philosophy: a philosophy unappreciative of the Universe and blind to the musicality of it.

No experimentation is no appreciation of the world we can experience as such.

Sobriety, despite the attempt to make it seem the fashionable state of mind, will never be as real in appreciation as a trip. The alteration of consciousness, the experimentation in a different state, is the inevitable exploration of a psychedelic cosmos yet discovered.

We are on a mission to understand and appreciate.

We are here to appreciate not be made of the labels we have in relation to others, the labels which arbitrarily define who we are to another. The friend, the mother, the father, the lover all confined to set of principles than how our relations to others evolve. Our best friends do not always remain our best friends, our romantic interests are not always romantic.

The psychedelic is the complete influence of ideas as unstructured. The ideas are unbounded, *unfixed* and the ideas are represented in the symbols of the mind -- which become the new words to use and to have use us.

Feeling is mastery, understanding is second place at best. To understand your feeling is to feel your feeling.

The perception of the geometric and angular and curvature is a matter of the perception more.

The psychotic pattern of thought is the pattern of

thought outside of conditioning which is validated by the universality of personability, the kind of decentralization of powerful thought to quiet itself as an addiction to thinking -- a *fine-tuned* addiction.

The opposite of psychosis is the ability to move without physical movement.

Wisdom exists in the psychotic's world, to be wise is to be delusional but aware of delusion; wisdom exists only nominally, the wise are platonic objects.

Psychosis isn't real.

The close understanding of psychosis is in the hyper-awareness of all things to experience to a degree of inexperience of complete functionality, to which the patterns of thought receive the stimuli of the immediate universe, the aroma of productivity, in the experimental bubble, is an invisible force brought by a vague placement in time rather than a topology of relations between and of the complex nodes, to sink into the pictorial.

To experience it all.

Where appreciation of experience lines up is the place at which it becomes the appreciation by oneself simultaneously with the appreciation of others' appreciation.

If we believe what we need is to leave and get away from the unfortunate present state of things only by a trip instead of remain we are doing the bidding of the present state itself: to keep it intact and operate freely outside of its constriction. To not make the present state freer, to not abolish it, is to conform to it whether with the perception

of being in it or not.

At the heart of escapism with cultures of some kind is a complete inadvertence to have a conversation which goes beyond the veil of a culture -- even an emotional culture -- to penetrate an amortal sense of feeling, one which is beyond sexual and platonic but exists in the transcendental occurrence between sex and friendship of ideas, to fuck with words.

What can be solved in the ethical world, from the becoming of oughts from the factual status of an is, is solved by an incalculable calculus -- *an unmathematical math* -- a formal axiology.

The aspect of life which has no relation to the cosmos is an unlivable life, a life contended on calling bodies only objects and machines only machinery.

Intuition exists in the same domain as creation, emotional reasoning is intuitive and creative.

To be high is to be high; that if you live in a way in which you can only get high and not live in a high then you are living low.

The object of finding in the found nature of walking is the nature to be the walker, mobile or immobile -- to walk in the feeling of what it means to walk. The empowerment of movement is not on ability but to feel the ability to be able to think of ability. The man who walks with a cane no less walks and can enjoy the walking and become the walker. As a walker, what walks is not the motion of my legs but the thoughts I have to be able to walk. The thoughts have mental legs and begin running in the wilderness of psychedelia. And I watch like a proud Mother and feel the sensation of walking.



If we are constantly in society, exactly what time do we have to think of the ways to benefit society? This is not to say to stay away from our society forever, but to distance oneself from it to look at it critically. To have the same position as an artist does: the piece as something that hasn't completed yet and needs changes, changes you can only notice from changing your perspective outside of the artwork. The measurement of shitty art is art that the artist has only looked at from one angle.

Anyone who gives you a drug for free and it not being laced is the kind of person you can trust.

One should take psychoactive drugs not to escape but to remain. Remain in this place. The necessity to escape is, ironically, the only way you can remain uncomfortable in your current situation.

I think we are too scared to become lost, too scared to lose control. Too scared to not have structure. At the base, we fear entropic lifestyle because we've not yet learned to control ourselves. You can only truly get lost when you've not been lost before. We may believe we've ventured into some new territory and that we are thus special as a result, but we may have just comfortably transitioned. Evolving into some new form. Anarcho-capitalists who were just undecided economically and believed they may have leaned a little more to the Left before are not special for then becoming Anarcho-capitalists. It is only natural as at the base level, socialism and anarcho-capitalism answer different questions. It's not intrinsically brave just to believe what you believe to be true, it is only brave to do so in the case that you have looked outside of that paradigm before. The land beyond the castle is better than the echo chamber within it. These are no new philosophies, only new to me.

New to finally feel the new.

If you're on a substance which makes you more suggestible and does things you would not do when not on the substance, it is of high likelihood you are not fully yourself. That there are parts of you that you are embarrassed, ashamed about. Parts you have yet to discover. Such embarrassment and shame are out of not accepting yourself. Lack of discovery of oneself is that cause of the embarrassment and shame. If you are open and are not yourself, you are not yourself when not fully opened either. You follow, only obediently, not critically.

Also, not in the particular sense of something you'd not do, but something you'd not defend. If you can't defend your past, you can't defend your present. If you can't understand the underpinnings of your previous thought, you can't work towards the future. It is inextricably linked.

The different perspective is the measurement of the truth of perceptions to be had, that is: without the perceivably dichotomous there will be no foundational structure which finds itself easily unfixed and as vague as complete accuracy.

The asshole is a brain without neurons.

The implicit nature of a dialectical form of ideas is not one which explicitly unifies but explicitly separates and decentralizes. The higher forms, the hierarchy from the metaphysical imagery, becomes a collection of nodes which do not make a grand unified dialectic manifested before us but a multiplicity of nodes of experiential reality to be appreciated and experimented with.

No matter how hard to delusional God tries we cannot replace the feeling of people with only the feeling of ideas.

The realism of life, while imperfect and observably flawed, is felt nonetheless experienced as a whole. The distancing of at least to even be skeptical of reality to its negation as stimuli only is to move away from all things, high and low, in gradation.

There will never be enough time to make time-dependent music.

I can't stand not knowing when I'm going to die. Either I die now or I must know with certainty when I will die. If I don't know when I die, why live? Ambiguity is for communists. Literally.

All things concern all things.

**6**

# The Bled Intellect

Socrates began and ended philosophy with the inherent paradox found in any philosophical understanding, “All I know is that I don’t know.” Thus, understanding is the beginning and end to all philosophy. A nothing value, which gives the most of everything. We obsess over no things, longer.

The double-edged sword of intellectualism is in making it more fashionable yet the more fashionable it becomes the more it can make the fashy fashionable. The current public intellectuals (the popular ones, at least) are men having only procreative sex with Right-Libertarianism and either owning up to it or denying it with “rationality”. The waves of public intellectuals in society will murder its own productive value as capitalism will; the marketplace for ideas really is analogous to a marketplace: the pseudos

will rise to the top.

The more our brain bleeds is the more our heart becomes evil beyond the factual case, an integration of the evilness and “haunted” us of us to become the genuine us. It is a genuineness contended on the ingenuine, a suicide of perception of being perfect by giving into the addiction of progression and becoming ambiguous to form.

The more we ignore hard thoughts the harder they become and eventually we will have been leading our brain on for so long our mental erection will be visible in the form of deeply-rooted ignorance with accompanied arrogance.

No matter how much you say you are real, if you have parts of yourself that you fear or parts of yourself that, if brought out, will make you embarrassed, you’re as fake as the creativity behind a traced image. You’re a product of your weakness; abiotic.

The time of the thinker who purports a new conceptualization of the world is over; we are only ever new thinkers in the sense of making the fragments of multiple philosophers’ ideas into a cohesive understanding and appreciation of the world. The social value of philosophers has gone beyond the capitalistic philosophy: all philosophers now add on to previous ones, knowingly or unknowingly, and become their own distinct person in the mission to make sense of the fragments of past left conflicted and unfinished. This has always been the point of philosophy, on a surface level, and such a purpose is where philosophy, too, ends and praxis begins.

The purpose of the statement of knowledge has al-

ways only ever been to state it. The purpose of doing is only ever to do. That which is done with the knowledge we have gathered of the world around us to be situated in a way to be appreciated for its complete neutrality.

The unacted knowledge -- or disacted knowledge -- is the unlearned knowledge. The knowledge which exists in the brain of an object, rather than a subject.

One cannot be a philosopher, nor more even a scientist, and be immature for if you are in the game of reasoning and solving problems -- for, if you are only reactive, you are responding from an ego and without the clear understanding that things exist beyond you.

I think there's something down there a little bit further than you have gone to go down. It is incredibly down. Down to the degree of downing the downed already.

Intellect is the ability to possess ideas rather be possessed by them. No intellectual is smart and has bad character, for if he has bad character unshaped by his knowledge, he's no intellectual.

To love is the "all-power"; the knowledge which contends all things. Existing beyond all fixed structural forms and within and around all valuation. That subject which we call love is the subject itself, for a misunderstanding subject is an unloving subject. An unloving subject is a subject contended on objectivism and sees the competition and contradiction of ideas rather than the clear, boundless difference, cooperation, and decentralization of all ideas as an ideal idea. The subject that misunderstands worries. Communication is gone and insecurity of individuality, the unperceptive ego, is birthed and one believes in the end

when there has yet to be beginning.

It doesn't matter what you do nor how intellectual or technical what you do is, it only matters whether there is blood in your work. Whether what you think and what you do connects to your fulfillment. The conceptual ideal of anything is systemic satisfaction, to satisfy its own need for definition. If your work is undefined by your experience, by what exists in you, it's pointless and cold.

The intellectual and working man is no different if one is truly intellectual or working. To think of the impurity of thinking, symbolically.

Everything is interesting when we realize everything has blood in it.

The concept of understanding is not a weapon, it is a manipulation that becomes in tune with what we can do. Maybe?

The intellectual is courageous, logical... give this 'man an award!

Trying to be someone you're not? A smart person is not someone who you are? The smart person is just the person who is aware of themselves in the world around them and understands that they must be curious to understand themselves and the world, for without understanding -- not knowledge, but understanding -- what's one's place in the world.

The influence to a philosopher is not the philosophers before but the philosophy -- the valuations -- to the influence of the ideals of ideas themselves. To possess the



greater difference of distinction in all forms of which knowledge encompasses.

If the philosopher's point to lecture you does not end at telling you to use your machine nature to experience the wisdom that 'he has experienced or better he is just as talker and nothing more. He's no philosopher.

How do geniuses look at the larger picture? The genius conceptualizes the problem relative to something else, testing whether that something else is applicable. This is like math and logic, reducible, just as everything is reducible to abstractions which then lend to becoming structures in thinking. This is how geniuses are made, not born.

The exact purpose of any being alive and capable to think is to become as intelligent as it possibly can. Intelligent by compassion, rooted in the intelligence. It's impossible to be living and to not learn — constantly. If not continuously growing intellectually, you're wasting your capacity.

We are so selfish in the regard of education. In that, we want to be the one who educates another. That, even if the person may have riddled you with your knowledge then, it is better they have seen the new knowledge rather than ever remain ignorant. Yet, why should we care whether it is us who have educated them? It is the same insecurity as thinking about another's sexual past in which you almost feel personally slighted (particularly if you and the person were amicable and close at the time) by the other having sexual relations with you when you were not with them. It's an envious mindset, one which makes us want to be the arbiter of truth. It's commodified knowledge. I feel so cheated on that you learned anarchist theory from

Chomsky instead of me. Please. Truth is not a monopoly; particularly not your monopoly. We all derive our philosophy from others and meld our experience to theirs to conjure a new truth -- or, at least, something to believe in. It is the virginity of intellect, an unnecessary insecurity.

Philosophy can't become important by just reading texts from philosophers, it has to happen by one's own accord. You cannot experience the effects of a psychedelic drug by only reading on experiences people have had on them.

The ideal philosopher is the person who acts by the formulation of their thought and their surrounding -- and seems to fail often at doing so, cumming too early in his mouth.

The place where any philosopher becomes a philosopher is saying something which they will, in two seconds, realize what they are saying is incorrect. Or not properly worded. Or incorrect, more likely.

Why do people not learn, man? Ridiculous. Can't believe it. When I was in school we learned, now people don't learn. They be not learning -- ridiculous.

"What does that mean?" is the question which kills ill information. Less than from where the idea originated, the understanding of the idea and regurgitating it is where ideas are zombified.

The idea that it is greater and nobler to talk about ideas rather than people inverts itself below its surface. It is more impactful, more understandable, and personal to talk about love, for example, by the examples of people

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and their estrangement from love. To talk of the idea of love is, at a certain level, a close detachment towards it -- it is to get to the heart of love but think love to be in the heart. To talk of love lives, ironically by the importance of understanding desires, becomes inverted as the noble and greater science of relations.

**7**

# Cyclic Open Sourcing

It seems possible -- and probable -- that all paradoxes are a matter of a different perception. The black hole paradox is solved by the understanding of a black hole being something which provides two-dimensional information in a three-dimensional space. All paradoxes can be solved or else they'd not exist.

Kindness is misconstrued with understanding in relations; to retaliate with equal force to intolerance is not as long-lasting as understanding the source and acting -- the conclusion of which seems often to be kind, a *form* of understanding.

The thinking thing which is satisfied with its conclusion of thought and expression of thought is probably dead. By the way, I'm depressed.

It is always that deep for the deeper we go the more nodes we find. The simple unification beyond the intentional unifications with decentral axioms is still a simplification; the unified is unified in depth but it is to have depth not be the depth in itself. The depths must be explored, to see the principles yet not examine and experiment with the dimensions of the values which underpin principles is to look for a white light to blind us with the aura of perfection we will, in our rational naivety, still long for after the multiplicity of difference in the universe as such.

To be a fake thinker is to ironically think with no filter of thought and never move past the phase of understanding that undermining thinking in itself causes no real thought and leads all thought, inevitably, through a filter which is created by only a persona of intellectualism rather than full, self-seen thought itself. The thinker who never unthinks and rebuilds thinking is a fixed thinker of no difference and contradiction in thought.

Truth must arise from difference and difference arises from paradox. The paradox of the observably same differences in the continuous history of thought. Even in the modern thought, there was no grand narrative. Kant and Marx both grounded their thought on universalities but the differences between what is universal for their thought presents something nonuniversal.

Truth requires the manifestation of truth itself to be mastered. In the process of this mastery, the unmasterful loses the amount of control found in the lack of control itself. The lack of lacking control is to give into the false control — into falsity, too, then.

It is not that anything should be based in a discontinu-

ity of things -- of discovery in particular -- but just that they are, dependent on the situational nature of knowledge gathered and power accumulated. The discontinuity is the is, what ought to come from the is *is* not known.

The logician as a magician of logic makes all sound logic and can make illusions of logic. This is to say that the logical is rational, but it does not inherently exist as valid and upheld logic. Logic is not the synonym to fact, nor can it ever be until it is validated and is its own sense.

I live and learn and in living and learning I forget the intimations of my learnedness and forget how to properly forget. The more I learn, the less I continuously learn. To continually learn, *in an unsmooth fashion*, the more I become rocky in my explanation. The less I feel what I think.

A bunch of notes, a bunch of oats, and a bunch of gimmicks are all which is needed to make an aphorism from an idea.

An idea unable to be an aphorism is an idea which exists as a platitude -- as much as most aphorisms already do.

The only thoughts which are ever put into words are the thoughts which one himself puts into words. I put no thoughts into words other than my own. Thoughts which you have thought but not put into words are not attributable to me; the thought was birthed in us and who received the words. No one gives words to thoughts but the thinker of the universe, and only each of us can think in our own universe.

Absolutism is the evolution of objective symbolic thought; the symbol, in itself, representative of itself, becomes representative as an object of a subject -- or, more

reducibly, an idea.

No access, no reach.

There is no living without thinking and there is no living with only thinking. If all of life is of thoughts rather than experience or of only experience rather than thoughts then we gain neither and cease to fully live and love. There is no understandable experience without thought and there is no thought without experience.

For you to think your thought is to think the new thought that can be thought by another but is now in your possession for you have owned the appreciation and complexity of that thought. You now feel that thought and feeling follows energy; the feeling is energetic and could never be created nor destroyed. All of your thoughts you think exists and will never cease to exist once you feel it and experience the thought.

Philosophical understanding exists in the same way that mathematics does, to understand the complex literature, you have to have the basic understandings of things to connect and relate to instead of becoming lost. This is why the interpretation happens in philosophy to terminology to intellectual sophism: to use words in a convincing enough way to give an image in the head of the reader; a postmodern thinker can, ironically, create a spectacle of the mind with images of unsophisticated and shallow and observably wrong meaning with the mere use of his keyboard.

The deepness of an idea does not constitute complexity of language used to describe it; the deepness is in the idea itself and if deep enough, the wording doesn't have



to get too deep to be understood and written as some thesis to impress a professor somewhere. Write and describe as you think, with the intense complexity of simplifying complex ideas.

The problem of the concept of being dumb is in thinking it dichotomous to intelligence. That somehow, there is a point at which one is intelligent, a fixed point of learnedness. That the supposed axis of intelligence is from lacking so much in intelligence that it is dumbness, stupidity. The real measure of intelligence is in capacity to learn, therefore, most are intelligent; it's never that one is dumb, it is one is unlearned, closed intellectually to a point of not realizing their intellectual closedness. It's a form of ideological alienation, that the ideas one has are unimportant and dumb by the lack of being "on the same level" as another. We are all equal in beyond-case capacity, therefore, I negate belief in calling another dumb as something that is a descriptor, as much as intelligence. They are arbitrary past the sense of perspective. As what is informed is based on your perception. Rothbard, to his contemporaries, is intelligent. Rothbard, to those who disagreed with him heavily on an intellectual basis, regarded him as dumb. He was smart, just misinformed, and later in his life recognized this to a degree. I then regard him as an important figure in political philosophy. As, what is political philosophy, but social activity-and-ism? He was not dumb, nor are you or anyone you describe someone as behind their back. To call another dumb does nothing but to put them down, you can't teach another by lowering them in the pit with no ladder to climb up onto -- particularly one higher than yourself. Get high and get them higher.

It is the case we all have the capacity to think deeply and with some level of what is perceived as intelligence.

The problem remains that the only way intellectuals are made, and potential genius, is out of returning to thought in a loving way; in a way which means one is connected to this and it becomes her. She must experiment with her brain, for we are all experiments needing to get past the stage of hypothesis that is often beat into us into not questioning at a young age, typically unwittingly. As, if you cannot think like the description of an erect penis, you just haven't realized that potential to do so.

To become connected to something which you are not connected to is an inevitability by the decentralization of perspectives, no one perception of another is uniform and exists as the true seer of connections. To be true is not to be true based on another's perception but one's own for that is the only perception we can truly factor and give reasonable power to.

If thinking is not free, it is not thinking, it is imposing. Everyone, then, must be a free thinker or they are not fully human. Not fully reaching their potential, as we'll all do. Which makes such a thing interesting: we are obviously all "fully" human, but what is it to be a full human that makes one full? He is then not full, just somewhat human, somewhat thing. A thing which lacks thinking, just as a human does not.

A rich intellectual life is contended on a rich love life, a love of some kind. Whether that love is platonic, romantic, or the interconnection of loving ideas, love must be involved in some capacity to have great intellect and great wisdom -- to feel all I've in the actual process of thinking -- to feel thinking. At times I wish I were still that fifteen-year-old materialist nihilist who couldn't muster up emotion to save his life, so the intellectual life I must live,

personally, being contented on a romantic love, wouldn't hinder my progression of feeling thought so often. If I could feel thought without having to love romantically, I'd be a god; but love humbles me and makes me a 'man -- and 'man is the one who actually makes art.

In the ability to lack the belief in beliefs, one finds themselves in the absence of the judgment of binary and rather within the perception of binary -- conforming to the idea, then, of judgment as a privilege over the unprivileged perceivers. The unbeliever occupies that space which recognizes unbelief as the beginning to ending the beginning; the revival of the birth between the birth.

Dialectic is the affirmation of negation. Difference, not contradiction. Contradiction implies the other is only other -- *binary*.

Procrastinate work always, don't procrastinate working.

The point at which a truth to ourselves is a delusion is when a delusion contradicts the observable truth. So how do we ever know this truth if we can only ever observe? How can we know this truth if our observations are faulty? We can only have probability of certainty, reducibly true to an agreeable point. Knowledge doesn't extend infinitesimally; we have gaps in our knowledge; our capacity for knowledge is infinite, our knowledge itself is ever finite. So delusion is a paradox if we are to use language. Clearly, the object of a thing is subject to us if it is to ever be a truth to us. The concept of us is an object by subject; a civil war -- oxymoron.

To be off the grid would be without anxiety. The in-

tegration into a society necessitated on capital, on wealth in order to “live” is the root of all anxiety. No money, no integration: no anxiety. It gives me great anxiety to work for what I need to survive rather than to work by what my mind leads me to. Hence why I can only find peace in being poor because that which I am led to mind is unfortunately not valuable and only eventually invaluable to society. Without the ability to wander, we remain thinking flatly.

The only debate whichever works is the debate contended on the idea of discussion and mutual importance of understanding and appreciating of the ideas which they experience and to reach not only a fuller, better understanding but to gain the new full experience which arises from that ability to discuss such ideas. The only debate which can work is a debate which is not to debate; the winner is the winner and the loser because the only loser of the debate, obviously, is always the loser who tries to win rather than to win for their mutuality of expansion.

The emphasis on logical thinking is the confusing of logical thinking to be based on objects rather than the formation of thought itself. The objectivism of thought is a subset of hollow, only worldly, logical thinking, not of valid logic itself.

The most understood thoughts are the thoughts not first understood by the thinker; for that which is thought exists as an image of the representation of the cases of the world and assesses the possibilities; the understood and appreciated exists subjectively.

To be consistently bored is to be conditioned to consume.

You're better than most people, but do you want to be better than most or be better?

Become the collective individual.

8

# **The Ramblers' Brown Book**

There are no boundaries to the universe, it is as open as it can possibly be. Such openness can only be simplified as openness, that simplification cannot describe what is open but that it is only open. Amplified experience, psychedelia, arousal feels the explanation of the openness.

The unexplorative book, the book which is written before it is written, is an unreadable book. If one goes along in the book and doesn't become new while writing, he is not writing nor typing nor even thinking. My verbal vomit is not the same as the vomiter who is just vomiting up their previous vomit.

There is clear and specific order to how thought is organized in a piece of text, the unorganized text is the only coherently read one in which it is not following thought

but only showing it for its nonsequentiality.

At the end of the writer's life is not to have been the best writer, it is to have been a writer authentic to who you are and how you express yourself. The writer writes only what he is like any other medium of art. If the writer is not writing as themselves, it will show. The work may be a terrible, jumbled mess but at least they did it as themselves firstly. No lies. No gimmicks.

The long verbose book which cannot find itself distinguished and divided in the smallest increments is a joke of thought. Unfeeling and fake.

I will feel the bigger paragraphs that are comprised of more than two words when I feel it all come out like mental diarrhea.

The first book was written after the Sun swallowed the Earth and the Sun God burped out "No, thank you." retweet

To not catch any written STD is to become subject to the distance of art and see it not penetrate the representation of our thoughts with its endowed symbolic nothing.

So many fucking words, it's muddled our symbolic thought. The mini cages any matter is set within by the progression of murdered and zombified language. Language began as a bludgeon of objects, it will end as a vampire of experience.

The book which begins organized ends unorganized and finds itself stuck in the world.



The middle of a reference work is the point at which the rock falls back off the mountain and Sisyphus only stares.

Wordplay is just using words.

The mounds and mounds of horseshit will be published, republished, brutalized, shitted, loved, hated, and shoved down our collective throat and we will take it pretending to have a scat fetish because we have no other choice but to eat that shit and think that eating that shit well is eating a good meal. While I may eat some shit with a knife and fork, it's shit nonetheless. And it stinks. You and your inability to question beyond the power (property) paradigm is shit.

If I do not make, I will die. If I have no money, I will die. I will die.

It seems no matter how long I do something or how much effort I put into it or how much at the moment I may be floored by myself thinking it was great, I will eventually hate it. There has never been a cycle of pride eventually in which I can say I was proud I did that piece or I did that writing. It always eventually ends up the case that I hate it. Not out of perhaps some self-criticism or of some small error that may have been made but some general hatred of it being something undesirable or something somehow incomplete. I never feel work is complete. There is no such thing as satisfaction with your work as a perfectionist and simultaneously someone who feels that it can be of the feeling at the moment but needs to be later criticized.

In the end, regardless of whether one hates my works or not, I just want them to at least admit it was interest-

ing. For it to have been something they will remember as some sort of experience. If you experience anything I've made or assembled and felt nothing, no hate, love, liking, disliking, ambivalence; just a meh, then I failed you. It's the matter of wanting to be memorable or at least remembered in some way.

The only measure of an honest writer is one who wants the words written to be as powerfully opening as one tab.

The fourth wall is not broken, it exists between the writer, in whatever language, always being directly spoken, even if somehow seen indirectly. A relic of artistic distance from symbolic development, a domestication of the abstraction which links our symbolic thoughts.

Fragmenting sentences are a sign.

There is a point at which shortening sentences to have more meaning to the author's basic senses will seem to be profound to those who pretend to grasp profundity on a level in which their own thoughts have not haunted them.

Write in sentence fragments and in long, verbose sentences to such a degree that there is an actual playfulness to language.

Masturbate your language in plain sight under your mental pants, ambiguous enough you cannot get arrested.

The unsourced text is not the unresourced nor unresearched; it is that text which exists in the expression of the written rather than the thought. Where the connection of ideas become the idea.

The unfeeling reader believes all he reads by one author or negates all he reads by one author. It is not the case to the unfeeling -- the nonunderstanding -- that all who think must have to think right at some point. And we should recognize this rightness, for if we were to be as dumb as a reactionary, we'd believe all modernism to be an evil otherness of some kind, the very essence of modernist thought.

The amount of information which you deem as important you can get from a lecture is proportional to that which you can gain from a book. A lecture is as immortal as a book; it is not of how refined language is but what is being said and how it is said in a way which links to someone's idealism.

The problem with the covers for academic writings is that the covers are boring. Not that the subjects are boring, but the way it is presented to the reader, no one wants to read a book with white text over a blue background and that be it. Academic book covers, for the most part, are just ugly and uninspired. Like your mother. Which is the largest shame considering how inspiring the material within the books is. There's no feeling in the cover, no conveying of the importance of the text. Granted, a lot of the books I own that have boring book covers I dearly love. Most of my favorite books have ugly or boring book covers, but the covers truly just do not match the text. Textbooks, academic writing, need not be so lazily put together. The laziness is in the lack of aesthetic value. If it does nothing for the writer beyond give a basic cover to the book which they wrote, what is the purpose of the book cover?

In the realm of written language in print I have nothing to offer but myself in the experimentation of my

thought in development, the first person perspective is the necessary beginning and end to philosophical investigation: that no matter how true beyond myself it may be I have only my perspective to offer in the socially individual sphere of perspective.

The reference work of any kind must exist in its essential eternalism of any kind in which the reality of the book is to be referenced all at once at some point. The references converge at a certain point in which they all form a very small unification above the large web of nodes underneath it in the large webbed node of connection around us, between us, behind us, and wherever around us.

The body of text which has nothing funny about it, intrinsically or extrinsically, is nothing.

The point, at this point, in writing for the mutual understanding between author and reader is to write in a way which confuses the reader to vague understanding they can piece together for themselves fully. It is the collective job of the author -- particularly the author of any philosophical investigation -- to not see the work as laborious but as inevitable and a helping hand in some sense to those who you will not be aware you can touch -- with consent.

Meaning is lost somewhere between birth and the punctuation at the end of a sentence.

To clarify is to, kinda, like, make something slightly more understandable -- mostly understandable -- by a possibly large, or small, but most likely large, portion.

The book which has no images to take with you is an object of no desire.

It is not sad bean-eater hours, it is empty, hollow, purposeless bean-eater hours. Hours in which I'm tired, hours which will be gone in hours but I nonetheless felt it -- or, I should say, felt nothing. Just as this nothing of a sentence, of a paragraph, of a book, will become. These words will, in time, become as empty, hollow, and purposeless as I feel in the present moment. And, for whatever reason, that doesn't matter either way. It doesn't matter. The conversation I just had in which I was sensitive and vulnerable, then discarded to go take a shower will all exist only on the time and in the unfortunate person who reads this. I am less than water, I could never be as great as water, and that is why my existence was ignored: for a fucking shower. Fuck.

My writings and my ideas and ideals are amateurish because my living is amateurish. I feel, but not yet fully.

To not write to express but to explain only is to submit to the dominant idea of linguistics as correction more than it is clarification.

Big words are the simplification of the complex thoughts of words and the ideas of words. I think.

If we say nothing which can come to bite us in the ass later we effectively learn nothing and remain out of control, we leave the placement we forge ourselves.

To look at a book cover as interesting is to consent to have life ruined by a bunch of accidental jokes.

Say nothing, mean all; mean, copulate with the meaning. Fuck it.

I keep having this recurring dream where I'm in my early teens and I'm The Flash and I had to eat human meat.

The plague of the format of a book is that it necessitates an orderliness of thought. To be into the constraint of time itself and a manifestation of ordered thought, but thought is not ordered. We do not place an order for thought and it arrives at our front door. We cannibalize thoughts. That's it, I think.

Some thoughts are #deep until you write them down and become more insecure on the point from deepness to deepity. Most, really.

The closing of a book is the beginning of an old world, to consider its newness but to revert back to apathy.

The badly written text is one which cannot be considered at all. Which is really just the reply of "oh".

The longer the book remains to drag on, the longer its ideas expand, and the longer, if written by the rambler, the false becomes true and the obtuse is tangential. The rambler is that not-God who creates and destroys all words to the point at which hundreds of pages become filled and his mental testes are drained from his loaded words.

That power which exists in the typing of thinking of typing is the same power I use in repressing my libido and pretend my hypersexualization of the world around me is only artistry, when, in reality, I'm being fucked by desire for fucking.



9



# Penis Property

She wants dick. I want her to want dick. I want her to want my dick. She wanted my dick. She wants other men's dick, too. Like I want pussy. I don't want other women's pussy, but I can understand wanting other women's pussy. I have wanted other women before. I crave for the same object placed on the sexual organ of the partner than my partner. It is a feeling I must shake like the label of a relationship which has mutated friendship to become the Magneto of sexual obsession. I want the object of my hypersexual perspective, a faint monster of pure sense as over-sensual.

Romantic and sexual attraction and desire are deeper repressed than any freeform love can express, it must be simultaneously channeled elsewhere. All around us, even from the aros and aces, we are being fucked and cuddled

and hugged and kissed from anything we consume in even menial conversation. The “energy” which exists is so nebulous the desirable, fantastical, psychedelic felt necessity of experiential development it is the heart of all theory, all praxis, and all transgression. The robot is, despite how hard I try, still in me and his machinations of lingered narcissism and entitlement to feel romantically and sexually loved by easily caring to my own detriment are the death of my understanding. The robot in me wants to be heard and it’s never adequate enough. Even in the face of not having all of my emotional eggs in one basket, the former conscious self-sabotages and the eggs are scrambled before they’re cracked. There is a place for scrambled eggs, however, there’s no place for healing trauma I cause because I can’t meet my own human needs. In learning, I’m predominantly an immature child who experiences times of maturity, but, though the general perception of my loved ones is different, my understanding lapses more than I can admit than in a paragraph in a book.

Sex, to property, sometimes smells like ketchup and mustard.

It is in the best personal interest for us to all strip down naked right now and has a worldwide orgy. I feel it in my wiggling cervix, I’m craving extreme sex communism right now. All of my friends, everyone of age to consent, go out on the streets and have rough sex. Not resultant of polyamory, resultant of hypersexuality — which seems should be the normal threshold of sexual desire. Archaic sex revival, when?

Sexual desire masks itself first as “love” and only the concept of love before the understanding of another — the accommodation and reconciliation of another with the

inherent differences both possess — can only ever be described as a *sexual* love. A love that only exists in its vague relation to love; to be obsession with high libido.

Desire is neutral until suppressed, it then manifests itself as violence and manipulation. (Therefore, I desire money.)

You cannot control sex, sex controls you. You crave dick out of being controlled, where the connection between people is driven over by a craving — junk sex, in opposition to the healthy. In being free by not being contained by the placeholder of virginity, but there is no freedom in attraction. The magnet is not free when attracted to another, it is only free when by itself or when connected;- part of a definition. To be attracted to something is to not yet understand it, to succumb to its desirable qualities. To connect is to understand, to be in sync with the thing. To be attracted to science is to fall victim to the narrow thinking which prevents science; to connect to science is to understand its faults and its strengths, that it is not something to desire, but something to love and something that gives you love. For, if you don't receive a "*love*", it is attraction only. Attraction is momentary, it passes. In the loss of control from connection, one gains new, connected control. In loss from attraction, you gain no new control, it is unrequited. You are in the uncontrolled zone.

At a base level, the uncomfortable nature of sex is from not having truly loved yet. If one hasn't loved, sex is only desire and cannot feel balls deep in your heart. You want to share it, you want to love them. But you're scared and you don't know if it's love or lust. It doesn't matter. Get them before you lose them. If you connect, connect, or you'll regret it. Like me.

You'll recognize the signs. You'll analyze the conversations. You'll swoon over them. And it's requited, but you're unsure. You're unsure if they feel the same intense feeling you feel for them, but they do. They are Nothern, not geographically. And because you waited, because you were a coward, because you knew they weren't going to be around, you remained in misery and a poverty of heart that is indignant. So you double down on your perceived inferiority. You're no man. You're nothing. Despite being everything to them, despite the feelings requited, you miss the chance when they're here. You didn't trip yet, you're still closed. She waited for you to trip. You did trip, but days before she left. Then you fell. Now you're stuck in perpetual feeling until they return, and the certainty of the return isn't there. You fucking fell, dude. Get the fuck up. Get up and get out. Leave here. Runaway. You know you and you will know yourself more with her as she's given you a new sense of self as you've given her.

The sexual temptation and desire from another is desire from repression. The non-experimentalist in sex finds himself more repressed than the asexual. In that, the asexual's repression is null for the sexual energy they experience exists somewhere else for them, but those who operate under sexuality, particularly hypersexuality, become more repressed in comfortable sex. The lack of being able to control sex is the desire of sex itself, the *mystery* sex exists in.

Hard sighs and nice thighs. The music is harder and it blows the newness of that new feeling away on the new talentlessness one feels in his association with the cheater. The repression of the negation is the negation of the repression and it makes the repressed nature of the wilderness of mind grow, it is found and unfounded in the

unfound reality of the mindfulness one finds in the mind. The mind is right and found. It is going and going and moving. The felt nature of movingness is the moving natural feeling and it empowers the connexion of being able to move. I find it in the nu and the new images which are consumed. I find it in the conceptualization I will find in the future but have yet to connect enough to understand but am moving towards that new feeling. That feeling of beginning to feel so intensely and to move. The drugs are not working, for the work of the drugs must be abolished and the accelerationism must occur in the mind as well; as the machine nature proves it to be willed into the automated — autonomic processes of machine-like arousal.

The fetishization of anything which exists not as a perceivable object of a kind is desire as pure ideology. To fetishize a foot or a table exists in the same dimension of desire, as perceivable objects.

Trans\* people are the most fetishized people; the largest outliers exist as fetishes for the unspoken majority for fetishization comes from the conceptual foundation of what is morally impure.

Confucius was a sub and had a daddy kink.

Fetishes are neutral under mutuality but become intolerant in the face of hypersexuality and the face of hypersexuality.

God is nonbinary.

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\*Trans in this context meaning generally “queer” in the gender spectrum, a non-cisgendered person.

Sexual desire, sex hunger, in particular, arises from that pit of ideas untouched by the mind. The untransgressive philosophy is an unideal idea -- a question that only begs it but never wants the answer. And if it must happen upon the answer, it negates it.

The mental commodification of pussy and dick: to crave dick or pussy, to be controlled by sex. Dick and pussy are the capital of the sex market.

The greatest evil is to fuck someone without needs between either.

Unfuckableness is to be stuck in facts.

It is no longer the case I feel the harmonious nature of platonic, romantic, and sexual love as opened and boundaryless within a social individuality. The case becomes boundaryless, still, yet not holistic. It exists in fragmented bursts of adjusting to spacetime with regard to moving onward rather than loving the loveable ideals and sexual appeal of the past.

She'll give herself to people she doesn't know, not sharing the experience with you. It would have been the first for both of you: to trip onto the flower, but that didn't happen. Now she's a craver rather than a lover and you've done this -- you left the flower in the winter. You now think this because your love has become selfish. It's not about if she was happy -- she was satisfied, but she felt iffy about losing it. The pot she was in and now on was uncomfortable and now it's just gone. What's the first? What does it mean? It'd have been important to both of you, losing to someone you care for.

No. Selfish.

You cannot be cuckold by someone you don't own. You are cuckold by yourself only, by mental attribution. Share-Alike, now: CC BY-SA 4.0. Now my thoughts are attributed to whoever shares.

We all become cravers by raw consumption. No health, a way of living without the deepness of consideration, to become a better meat slab that craves different meat slabs.

I feel the sensation of dreaming. To know that the dreams had are dreamy. To feel that sort of dream where it is the head of my lover over a black suit jumping off the sideways grassy field to stab me in my eye but I grip my arm. My arm falls into my eye and I grab the eye behind it to see through my eye. My eye gives the ability to fall into that eye and find that new deep red filled with sexy pinks. I'm aroused and I feel the blood rush to my feet. I am wearing socks while sleeping.

My sex begins and ends with the light. And, no, not skin color.

All hypersexual people are art hoes.

I watch the man tie his shoe on the street. I watch my coworker tie his apron. I watch my ex-husband tie her mind together. They will all die. And if there is a Hell, I will see them there. And we will all copulate. Because to tie during the day is the initiation of sex.

Fucking without kissing is to paint with crude oil, a possibly good piece in the end but texturally oily.

The only way to raise someone uncomfortable with sex with anyone else is to actively dissuade sex, to actively imply that they should not have sex, or never have sex. Make sure they are awkward as well. To not have many friends, nor never have any romantic relations, make sure this allows them to feel completely sexually unworthy. The emancipation of the ego is the beginning of sexual ambiguity -- not of orientation but of possibility of action.

It is easy to say to express sexual attraction, to do so is harder than how hard my dick gets when I hear the Seinfeld theme.

Sexual desire is a greater toll on life than death itself; the thoughts in our primitive brain which form in us and other people to procreate stabs at our hearts -- the act which takes little time in terms of the temporality of our lives invades our minds. Sexual desire penetrates our skulls harder than any sexual act.

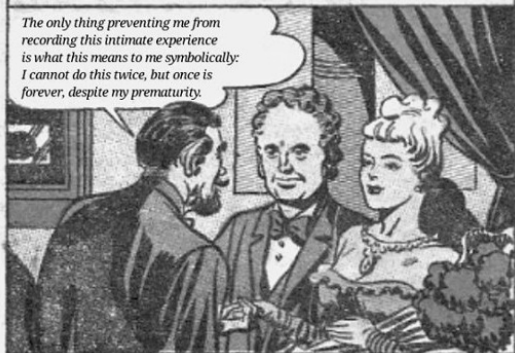
Becoming queasy from the realization you're not wanted sexually is a facefuck.

The transgressive nature is the instinctual, the primal arousal found in all things. The sex hungry monsters are not a separate entity of us nor our shadow, it is an aspect of us like a variable is to a logical expression. The "*purity*" of heart is impurity, to *negate* the lingering pansexuality of ideas.



ENCOURAGED BY HIS AMAZINGLY SUCCESSFUL  
TOM THUMB VENTURE, BARNUM BROUGHT JENNY  
**LIND** FROM EUROPE TO SING HERE.

The only thing preventing me from  
recording this intimate experience  
is what this means to me symbolically:  
I cannot do this twice, but once is  
forever, despite my prematurity.



**10**

# **Axio- logically Speaking**

The perception of distance is warped by the realization of the point of disposition from that which is experienced, in which the distant and close are one in the same in the particular case of closeness being predominant. The closeness of things, of people, of animals, of ideas, are all interwoven by a perception of distance from as not a holistic object to receive but a subject to experience and swim in valuation.

The man-made pattern, as opposed to the mind-made pattern, becomes uninteresting as it is an objective of an easily noticed illusion. If the pattern is not to be understood as more but rather only seen as essential it loses the essence of presence and is nonpresent in the sensible.

The subject exists as a formed object of a case, infor-

mally understood as existing beyond the case of systemic valuation.

There is a large, decentralized output of stimuli to digest and sort through which we can only dream to receive that sees the undulating forces of the nodes of sensory input to create a multiplicity of data outputs, we -- I -- are a receiver of all things beyond ourselves and in such humbled by the privilege of experience, as a valuable "right" or principled value, of our connection to the large baby head under the giant machine of man. We are privileged to make sense of what already makes sense for us to correctly describe that which makes sense of us and between us -- that there is a separation of things but the separation is a guidance from conflict that the inevitably hard creates the perceivable good. The systemic, extrinsic, and intrinsic all exist separately bled together to create that value existent as our output of the senses we receive.

The anti-technological aspect of subjective valuation of symbols in favor of a static, unevolving archaic simplicity is an oversimplification of all ideas included in the history of objects and the fundamental understanding of objects: the object must, regardless of human's opinion or resentment from moralism, become the system it is inherent to being. The systemic dimensionality of the object -- of the technological machine -- will evolve regardless of the intrinsic or extrinsic nature of valuation. The primitive, the simple, the machine, the human... are not all conflicted; the object, despite its easy manipulation of concrete apathy towards the living in distance, is an inevitable tool to merge with the subjective. The valuation lies between: the valuation of machines, of us, of our desires, are all not "*objectum*". The "things" are not only of the mind or presented to the mind but exist nonetheless,

the dimensionality of valuation exposes the incongruency in our classification of what is to be received or to receive, the human is a void of parts which can break apart but cannot be broken, the machine of man is the humanity of 'man, the *objectum* of 'man is the *subjectum* of 'man. The class of subject and object are a hammer and sickle: cute symbols for a complex value.

Politics, in itself, can never become a true science in the sense of a set of principles from which to operate and theorize objectively. For political foundation is rooted in a livelihood, a valuation of disvaluation of situations. The symbols which make up the subjective world can become calculable, politics is axiomatic in its rooting and application, but it exists between a philosophy and science. Politics, as a value science, must operate in an anti-real setting, politics, for being rooted in philosophical life, is a metaphysic. The paradigm of metaphysics and science must be shattered for any value science to exist.

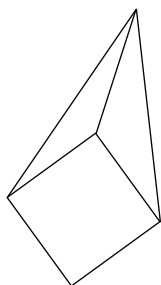
Value exists only in itself, it is the bridge between as such and as experienced, the simultaneity of object and subject.

Value exists only as a receiving by creation, not of observation.

The enchantment, the valuation, of experience is not in the meaningfulness of experience itself. To value something is to not give it meaning, but to value is to simultaneously give meaning. The meaning of meaning is not from only value, and to see life as valuable is not to necessarily see it as meaningful.

To use valuation to mend human self-esteem is to dis-

value humans.



*value:* ■

*form:* ▲

*person:* ●

The superformality is constituted on dimensionality of value within the formality of valuation.

The two-dimensionality of both value and form as square and triangle, respectively, is by the separation of value and form as axioms distinct but form and value intersect to create the formation of value: the three dimensions of value (intrinsic, systemic, and extrinsic) exist in the superstructure of form. This is to say the true value is not a square but a prism which manifests itself at the point of form — not as a directional form but a form which has a pointed structure, value is formed by form and form is formed by the base of valuation. The form is not the triangle and the prism shape above the square value only, but it is both. The basic axioms of individual, form, and value exist in the interdependence of each other. The composite axioms are the composite composite axioms.

The predominant forms of the world exist as a super-formal valuation of value, form, and the individual as a state of contingency in fact and beyond fact; the science of understanding intersects by the subjects understood which manifest itself in the forms of being beyond formality and within it. The constructed and neurological exists fractally understood by a mere representation of the abstractions of correlative interaction -- the god of below god and between god. The god finds itself non-godly, the personal universality of value in the state of superformality.

The superformal is the state of valuation as itself, in that, the formal is as informal as any informality is in the scientific evaluation of value. The value of value exists lower than value could exist, it is not objective yet objective. the value of form, the form of value become the ultimate paradox of the nature of subjectivity and objectivity. Value, while square, does not exist as a cube in valuation as the intersection of a formulation of value. Form, which triangular, does not exist as a prism in formality as the intersection of valuation of form. The composition of valuation is composed of a formulation more than the value itself, its dimensionality is contingent on a temporal factor which is eternal in the topological sense of relations to the nodes of connection.

The value judgment is an extrapolation of systemic valuation in an intrinsic formulation.

The value judgment is the creation of the object case and a result of a case seen beneath space above cases, within the spatial case of images of function, language, which makes the temporal case of all subjectivism.

At the heart of all is a valuation harder to suspect as

true than any magic or science has yet to make of in a complete axiomatic understanding of the perceivable and unperceivable world. The axiomatic is the holder of all science and magic, the mysticism is founded in an alchemic misunderstanding of the “ological”. The system, the subject, the fixed, the valuation, the formality, the relations... all, *as intersectional*, exist deeper than any case of the images we use to create and use thought, simultaneously as the very basis to thought.

No analysis, no vaguarity, no representation of thought is complete a complete synthesis of all dimensions of value as a symbol to create a connected situation.

The distance of the thing is the often confused misplacement of displacement from the perceived and the experience, the nexus of the between is to think the point is separate and distanced, that though they are perceived as distant and unattained or unattainable they are only far by the relations we topological graph. The relationship topology of the displacement of us from them to us from I to we from me is the inherent lack of the line from the experience of the fourth dimension and the third dimension, the control of time is our perception of the objects which displace out time in a z axis.

The principles are fixed knowledge of the world, paradoxically, the principles from person to person exist in an unfixed flux; the only mediator of understanding and creation of love is valuation.

The false binary between subject and object exists in the same strong support of the gradation between subject and object: the undermining of ontology based on objects. The ontology from most philosophical investigations has



been a defense of either subjects to undermine objects, objects to undermine subjects, or the contention of a multifaceted nature of either or in the World. Yet this sort of ontological nature ignores the reality of form itself, that form exists within both subject and object, the real object is as formulated as the cosmic subject. The world as comprised of all factuality that can ever be fact,, is the beginning and ending of fact and what goes beyond fact. Subject relations are beyond the nature of fact, what goes beyond fact exists dimensionally, there is no place at which there is just the object or subject and that one undermines the other, subject is beyond object but object, the connected objects more than as such, exists in psychological substance.

The abolition of the capital must also be the abolition of the value-form, for the value-form is capital: capital is to give form to a value or value to form, it behaves incongruent to both form and value. As if value is only formalized and form is only valued. But value exists superformally, the objectification of value is the fictionalizing of value, it is axiomatic but not in the same atomized sense as a number. The superfomality of value is the ambiguity of living, it is the inherent paradox which forms horror and euphoria; value is the root of psychedelia.

The reducible is not the causation, only the root. What causes is a multiplicity of factors, what factors are reducible to are only the seeds from which they grew.

An interest in science without an interest in axioms is to take an interest in art without materials used to create art.

The symbol is the absolute nature of all which brings about situations.

The subject as something which has the capacity to understand and to feel is infinitely more complex than any object.

The necessary clause is the duty; duties, by innate control, are doodie.

For something to speak for only itself and exists by only itself is the nature of all things, and all things, despite the disassociation from the perception of recognition of things, exists nonetheless. Nominality does not indicate fiction, it indicates valuation.

The objective as a fixed position of a totality finds itself in relation to the variable which remains unfixed; the unfixed positioning of variables is the creation of systems without sound structure but valid structure.

Despite the world being comprised of cases, what cases we know of existing in a state of ignorance if we only know the case in relation to nothing superformal.

The structure in name misunderstands structure in value; managers, higher-ups, are delusioned in structure. Structure is beyond control, possessed by the only function of lost control.

Just you dumbass motherfuckers who conflate axiology with moral philosophy wait, man! Formal Axiology will make a return and we will have a complete value science which is every bit as accurate as any natural science. Fucking count on the next paradigm shift in science, fuckasses!!! We're deadass gonna formulate an entire field of sciences, my mans.

Valuation as quality and quantity paradoxically / Value as subjective and objective

**11**

# Amortal “Math”

The uncertainty principle exists as much in the meta-physical world as it does in the world of quantum physics.

An irrational empathy is the only rational one, an empathy which makes you understand the other and to forgive them and not blame them out of the understanding of their situational factors is an irrational mode to thinking. But it is only also rational as you cannot be empathetic without understanding and understanding is the largest root to loving and connecting, which are tantamount to living. If you've never loved, you'll never live. If you cannot love with empathy, you cannot love. If you cannot have empathy without understanding, you cannot be empathic. If you cannot understand, you've yet to. We can all understand something in the way in which that something is presented to us. It is, of course, a mutual relationship

of speaking the same language. Love is just speaking the same language in different dialects. Empathy is the dialectic of connection, sociopathy is only attachment from detachment.

The ability to express comes from capacity to care.

Belief is a trip by the ego drug: a way to warp reality into the way you want it to be or the way you think it is. Belief is a pernicious thought, to think reality is free will. Determinists are anti-belief, then. It must be then understood that belief must be knowledge-based, in which some leaps are necessary. And the leaps you take are the making of your reality. What, exactly, is the point of insanity, then? The point of psychosis? At which one does not grasp reality? We are all experiencing psychosis from our knowing. This is sophomoric. Clearly, insanity is a madness — anger as root to madness — is against the nature of a living being. It's a state at which we have emotions control us; emotions are rational and we can control it (given if we do not have disorderly thought). However, this simultaneously also to never say degeneracy: in the sense, the degenerate is a fib the uncomfortable person tells themselves to put what they perceive as a vice unto another. At the root here: what is insanity? How are emotions rational? What is the necessity of anger? How is kindness rational?

Utilitarianism, as the maximizing of good or mutual benefit, is truthful insofar as getting to the surface structure of interaction. The strength of relations lie more in hurt and the return of hurt — not in the extreme of abuse — but to have the heart be twisted by another yet healed simultaneously. The times of stress and anguish, by or with another, are the times in which bonds are strengthened. There is a surface level bond to others who we cannot be

hurt by or never are hurt by, the utility of such relations are beneficial. Utility is wrong but its wrongness doesn't produce wrongness. The part of which the analyses of utility becomes perceivably mathematical in the ethics of utilitarianism comes from the value of utility conceptually, utility is circular and valuable by being valuable in itself. It exists as a distant cousin of formation of value to the value-form yet less valuistic and more formal. Formality which, like most form, causes the illusion of mathematical expression.

To not care is to not feel, it is to not maximize human potential. The objective reality is beyond human and simultaneously below human; to exist in only fact, and not our perception by subject, is unscientific.

Science, the more it moves itself from philosophy, will remain improperly characterized as real and objective. The closer it moves to philosophy, conversely, it will improperly be characterized as real and objective.

The problem without understanding is we understand we do not really crave "affection". That is, some type of attraction to another person to feel good about ourselves. It is a shallow love, and none of us want shallow love, we just fool ourselves into believing so. The only love that can truly be love is one that is deep; not only on emotionality but of affection. Very few people will truly ever love you, deeply, and very few people truly love most others deeply. As love, too, is commodified. To show love, you are to buy them things, to eventually marry. Even if not buying with money, buying is by marriage, even if cheap. It is a union of two people, objects to merge their pays in your Brother's eye. Marriage is commodity and nothing less. Don't get attracted, get connected. Attachment is of both

connection or attraction, you have to chose to be interdependent (connected) or codependent (attracted). Often, we negate our own individuality by understanding that we are not so individual -- as we aren't, we can eventually replace ourselves, but there is the potential that what we do is irreplaceable and that is something from us and others together, aiding, but understanding that this only happens by connection. The only real selflessness comes from the ego and a lack of an ego: to understand your situation, and understand your situation is not unique in this regard. Therefore, help when others cannot do so or cannot do for themselves yet, but do not be used. Do not be me again. All people have problems, all people can be problem solvers. All people need problem solvers and all problem solvers need people to solve. There is nothing selfish about coming to the problem solver with your problems. Only ever selfish if you can't do so for others on problems you are good at solving.

The aversion to learning is from condescending education, to have not learned from a liver of learning but a regurgitator who 'educates' with the tone of thinking the ignorant should already understand. The process of learning, the circumstances of learning, the situations of learning all differ in theory to practice for each person; no one has learned everything nor will anyone ever just as none of us have. To assume so in taking away the humble credit of another of not understanding yet is to kill the ideas and ideals under the false veil of 'teaching'. The only teaching happens to teach how to teach.

The ought and is occupy two logical spheres which never intersect but the logical spheres, however, do both exist in the world -- an ambiguous world in which the truths of the world are derived from the difference of par-



adox. The key to the "good" is in that difference of perceived goodness as not as such.

To connect with others you must connect with yourself, of course, to love yourself first is too simplistic. We are all individual people living our individual lives and friends and romantic partners are not someone flesh with you, they are just interconnectedly independent.

Awareness is the connection of all of the things we experience.

Empathy is dependent on awareness and awareness on empathy. When you are aware of yourself and your own ability to be intuitive you become aware of those who are in tune with themselves by the mere fact that those who are in tune -- or at least even in the process of it -- are aware and observant.

Awareness is a perception of a multiplicity of perspectives.

Wisdom comes from creation. You create yourself, you become wiser to yourself and the Universe in which you love. Look for wisdom in a religion or structural philosophy and the only thing you'll find is a shell to live in.

How could a friend ever be a friend if he judges and looks at you as lesser than by admitting things which make you vulnerable? How could a person ever be a person? How, as a human, could one ever disregard or judge another while knowing of going through hard times? He is human, you are human. Humans suffer, whether continually or continuously. Not empathizing, not showing the empathetic compassion you would need, too, when vulnerable,

is inhumane.

The aim of explanation lies in a medium outside of what is to be explained. To explain math, we use language. To explain numbers, we use objects. The explanation of language lies not in explaining language with language, however, it is to use thought to explain language. Our thoughts manifest in a language in itself of compositions of symbols comprised of abstractions. The symbolic thought is, in itself, abstract thought, and the link from the metaphysical subjectivity of the world to that which is matter of fact. The dimensionality of language to thought is hyperfactual and exists in itself.

The derivative of pain is subject to the subject, the masochists kill a sadistic ethic. Pain is no absolute, only absolute between those who express it in the individual relations. Collective pain is not existent -- it is not felt in the same degree between all. The intersection of pain is from the relation of pain brought about. If your pain is not intersectional I don't want it, daddy.

Disagreement doesn't matter without full understanding. It is one thing to disagree on principle of your understanding and another to disagree on understanding what the other understands. If you disagree on your understanding only, you're convinced of a falsehood no matter how true it may be and will become victim to thinking lowly -- worse than you could.

How do you get an ought from an is? The contention of objects is to be an is, the ought is from subjectivity. The ought from an is derives from only the form of valuation, the gradation between objectivity and subjectivity. The formal axiology is the formation of is's to oughts from the

dimensionality of value.

There is a point at which the experience of my own is only heightened by the experience of other's experiences being heightened in the presence of my ability to heighten experience.

Of course, mental illness is to be used as an excuse to someone's behavior, what else would it be? We must excuse behaviors they are unable to control because it controls them. We have more power to respond to them well mannered than they have over their own mental illness. When interacting with a mentally ill person, you have the power to treat them as they wish to be treated and to potentially better or worsen their lives. Don't manipulate that power. Everyone is different. To treat someone with indignance (that is, out of one's volition and assuming you do not have IED) is a form of ignorance induced insanity, doing the same thing to either change them or get them to do something they cannot do as easily.

Rape, murder, and any torture is never rational, only rationalized. Revenge is irrational.

The difference between an explanation and an excuse is an excuse negates its causes more than it negates effects; it acknowledges there is at least one cause but the explanation acknowledges causation is not in a vacuum or circumstances.

Legalize illegalism.

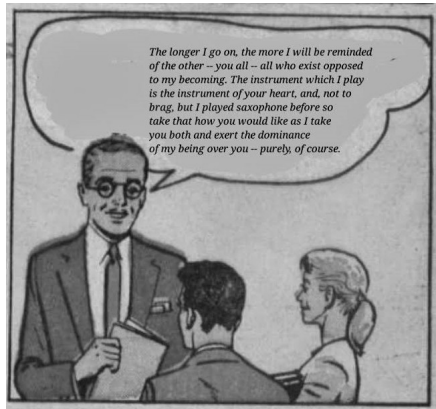
Transgression is a glass ceiling; it proposes the social norms must exist to be transgressed in the first place. Any transgression with the title of transgression finds itself only liberal yet not in the subjective conclusion of situa-

tions beyond liberalness.

Recognition of evil, birthed from intolerance and unfortunate ignorance, is dependent on spacetime and the topology of relations. To hate is to presume higher dimensionality, to pretend one has the time to hate as if time is spatial to us.

Epistemic irresponsibility is just policing your thoughts, to believe “correction officers” exist, when correction is a separate entity to policing.

The denying of ‘man as animalistic is the implication of denying living and loving. What makes ‘man human is their connection to animal, the animal is not below man. Animal nature is what makes human nurture.



*The longer I go on, the more I will be reminded  
of the other – you all – all who exist opposed  
to my becoming. The instrument which I play  
is the instrument of your heart, and, not to  
brag, but I played saxophone before so  
take that how you would like as I take  
you both and exert the dominance  
of my being over you – purely, of course.*

**12**

# Leggo My Ego

All egoism must be socialistic as the social is the negation of privatization which is against the individual; social individualism.

The psychotic breakdown happens as the breaking down of the static feeling of movement, a removability of body as the manifestation of the rapidity with which the mind moves. The perception of psychosis from the psychotic — of those who have not experienced the symptoms of psychosis — is as unreal as psychosis itself. The psyche as it breaks down is the epitome of the egoism and the puzzle of ourselves, that the ego is a completely fragile fixed point, the uniqueness of which permits one to a bunch of breakable parts which will always remain a vague sense of “self.”

Nonfluidity in identity is the perception of a self, it is a *centralization* of an ego which has not been decentralized.

He is no being, He is a becoming; culture, tribes, ideology ... are *nothing* to the becoming yet is all: that which spreads for aeons in the cosmos. He is the necessary clause.

No labels, more fables.

The ego is the end of ego in itself, the ego, if it is to be sufficient -- *self-sufficient* -- must humble itself. It must become in contact with the non-central egoism of our ecology, to thrive it must cooperate with everything beyond itself. Just share, please.

Uniqueness is dependent on the imperfection of duration of spacetime. That time as pure duration is not true and time is as much imperfect as any space is as a cosmos. The uniqueness depends on this complexity. No divorce is ever the same as another.

The ego as a point which cannot be completely murdered in thought and is fixed in a set valuation is the ego which is only an ego and not an ego which has experienced its Otherliness in itself. The ego exists in more than one inhabitator, and it only exists fully in one, the remnants of ego which have crumbled in its essential temporality have grown as mental oaks in the ego remnants of others beyond our Other.

I have forgotten myself and along that way I have opened because I am not just I, I am more than what I can be. My ego is no end in itself, it is a dialectic.

The assessment of the other as a negative outwardli-



ness is predicated on believing one has the understanding of the other. That the other is as much adherent to the understanding of the self as we are to other. The otherness of another is not a negation of self itself but a negation of there only being self; that the individual is not as individual as he believes.

Self-esteem, as a set by which to live your life only principally, is a phase towards eventual self-love, to live by value not principle.

To explain an action or thought with something beyond oneself is to put oneself in a vacuum of external variables, it is the contradiction of the self to recognize the self as a receiver but to make the self an internal illusion. The self-exists as an illusion even to ourselves to define ourselves by other things; the self would have to be the essence of self in itself if it were to exist. The explanation of thought and action external is the only possible explanation for even the different parts of the self-exist external to each other.

The only progression of oneself which can ever happen is to become the better you than your past self could have ever possibly imagined.

Private actions are, in effect, incredibly public. The effect of lying to someone in private is grounds for the understanding of why the person lied to is depressive publicly — it affects not only the two involved. The individual nature of relationships is as illusory as the self. Secrets are independent of people, dependent on situations only; safety and privacy are not dichotomous in this regard.

**13**

# Academic Suicide

The spirit of the boob academic is to analyze their own work to the point at which the nonsense makes sense to them and to the very few who can interpret whatever is written; — make the maker the maker of his making academic achievement, to correct and analyze work to the point of caring too much and not caring of the extrinsic value of the work.

The master of baiting, the academic, thinks he fools the experienced into thinking he only thinks and thinks he fools the thinker into thinking he is only able to experience. The false academic thinks that theory overrules any praxis, that the experienced praxis of the experiencer is just only able to be thwarted with a good pen and an unfine judgment, that he can weasel through words and only construct and falsely reconstruct words to fit his intellectual

needs rather than the actual world around him.

The academic baiter finds himself fooling only himself and those who think of him -- who then are extensions of this false self and he proclaims his sophistry. He fools himself and no one else but himself and the extensions of himself, which all and none. He is the naturally unnatural case of incorrect and baited himself.

He obfuscates and misuses all of his language, thinking that language is that all absolute to the knowledge he believes he espoused and continues to doodoo on academia in believing that academia goes inward only and becomes an egotistic coward behind his words.

He relies on the experiences and thinks that the experiences are more important the theory and simultaneously the theory is more important than the experiences not realizing that yes. He drones on and on and forgets to do something. He drones on and on and writes and writes and think himself as God and believes in God -- the God of himself and the God of Man and the gods of material derived from capital he so desperately pretends to be fine with. Feeling his alien nature and thinking himself to be human falsely, to think that it all only comes down to complexity more than the social conditions in themselves.

The walker walks and finds himself walking through the process of walking. In such a process he finds that walking, then, is the process within itself and the walker thus walks.

The importance of the philosophical life, the academic life, the family life, and any life perceivably beyond or below the love life all exist below the love life in level of im-

portance. The unfreed love and sex of a 'man is the caged love and sex [desires] which manifest toxicity in all other aspects of life. The most intimate self is simultaneously the most potentially destructive self; to not understand that conflict, to not love oneself to grossly oversimplify, is to become slave to an unrecognizable Other deemed the Self. Hegel misunderstood the other because he never understood his crossed romantic and sexual life.

I think the point of the direction which academic philosophy is going -- to complete abstraction -- is the inevitable conclusion that could ever come of philosophy: to complete points of abstraction together to a degree that there is no shred of doubt of the truth of something. That of what science aims to do methodologically, but philosophy does abstractly. To where abstractions must become practicality. As it is clear that pragmatism works, as, circularly, that is how pragmatism works, only by it working. Therefore, the way we lead our lives *has* to be pragmatic at some scale, but clearly abstract at the base. I think this is similar to the proposed unification theory that science needs between relativistic physics and quantum mechanics. In philosophy, the GU theory must have to be of pragmatic philosophy (the practical theory) and analytical philosophy (the abstract theory).

The idea of academia as a large circlejerk is nothing new. To make fun of, to parody, is nothing new. But it's fun, and that's what makes art an art. Nothing great should be contented with how new it is. I mean, your mom isn't new. Everyone has a mom, alive or dead. Your mom sucks because she's not new. I assume your mom is probably happy with you, I know is with me for insulting her in this book. ur mom gay.

Mental masturbation is not really to jerk yourself off, it's to live in porn: a world unreal, a simulated reality until you awake. The masturbator, the mental one particularly, lives in traces. 'He lives life by looking at the tracing paper only wanting to make his own unique self yet contends he's worthy of more than he has rather than having active response and having what he must have to be happy. To be rationally happy, that is. To not be happy in seeking nothings we think, societally, are *something*: a job, wife, child. All things one can have and eventually desire to a degree it is good for them, but what does he make? What, beyond thinking of a better life, beyond firing neurons, does he do? You do nothing if you're focusing on the doodoo. The dodo, despite our revisionism, is smarter than you. He lived, we didn't let him. And now we live less out of wants, not need. Fuck your wife. Go.

I played the dangerous game of placing so much on the understanding description within the paradigm of language to be so precise as to make the nonunderstandable understandable and have reverted to forgetting how to use language as a tool to forgetting how to describe what is to be appreciated.

The problem of the platitude is the problem itself, which I propose. The proposition of the problematic platform of platitudes is pretense to problematic platform of platitudes. I will say, and I will make, and I will do. In doing so, I have said what I will do, what you must do. What you must do is what I must say -- what I must think -- you must do. Then, you will do as what I give to you to do. Do what you must and do what I must want you to do, or what is the platform? Whose platform do you stand on, and when do I call the thot patrol? When will you learn and when I? The purpose of the question is to not be answered, but

to be only proposed and lingered on; to exist as a question itself, and the hypotheses which arise from an eventual conclusion of the question makes the question and answer if I were to, as I am, and as you are, continuously wrong and unbloody.

Schooling has impaired me; it is my job as a person to seek outside of schooling. Education comes from cooperation, not memorization. Which is why all tests should be open book, or at least collaborative. As to not do so necessitates a hierarchical place of knowledge, accidental ableism.

The Academe is a wise, tall man. About 6', many friends, conservative haircut. A haircut which gives knees frostbite.

If we say what we have said once again it is an admission of us that it is felt but the variables to condition language in a matter understandable between the receivers is a misattribution of arrival at the point as if there were one.

The larger book of filler becomes a dick measuring contest with other academics, not for the significance of the body of work but to have the most girth to take in. The big dick book is intimidating and most mental pussy only goes but so deep.

At what point is speaking as if an expert in everything arrogance rather than true experience? The point at which all questions are answered. Wait.

He will harp on the deepness of the interaction, that as the language is so complex that all language causes the misinterpretation it does become that deep to the point at

which it is impossible to argue and have the one arguing against remaining calm and patient, for he is so dumb he has to run through every point every time.

All personal philosophy moved its axes to a series of decentral points; a personal philosophy based on only one concept to make principles from is an ironically nonuniversal and impersonal philosophy, it Kant do anyone any good.

The change in voice and writing style in a book is an author constantly changing their worldview and either going back on all previous passages to the point of cohesion or not enough to too much cohesion. The cohesive book is an illusion, authors are magicians of language. Chomsky is a linguistcian.

All of our mistakes will be immortalized in the most "perfect" of our works. Without the mistake[sic], intentionality is replaced with a veil of intellectual "power" and the intellectual space becomes a humorous space out of how stupid academia will look in its only Marx-ish perfection.

Kill the ideas immediately after introducing them. The good ones will resurrect, possibly.

What I want are my ideas to become clearly unclear, to become the somewhat defined ideals that have no necessary implication beyond the obfuscations put obviously in front. There is no structure, we have gone beyond that vague modern universality and have obviousness and the realism of idealism.

The abstract writing is more based in reality than our



perceived reality itself, it exists in the consciousness as understanding, from which all psychological reality occurs. The projection of abstraction is the projection of reality.

In all this time -- all these years -- I have had and will have, I will never say anything new. And that's only worldly.

Shitpost into the void. The shitpost and the aphorism are one in the same, both housing complete context of something which we can only later received by sitting to receive.

The philosopher seen as overrated is often seen as overrated for less of how the public rates them but rather what they represent in principle of one's own value judgments. Because they have not come to the same conclusion as I have, the philosophers of the past are overrated -- the obvious doesn't need a platform. Fuck Plato, I wrote *The Republic* again.

It was about my spider being an alcoholic and after every time my roach calls her and she had been drinking she always gets angry about the fact my spider being an alcoholic and not admitting it. That's not how alcoholism works and it's just an example of the problem that not even trying to understand something becomes, in itself, a waste of energy. There's no point to be angry about something you can't control.

I understand the expression of anger, I think she has reason to be upset by her alcoholism of course. What is the problem, though, is only the fact that every time she says she can't understand why my spider will not admit she is an alcoholic, which is a misunderstanding of alcoholism.

Not understanding and, consequently judging her for it, is part of the reason why White Power doubles down on drinking.

It is in the same vein as telling someone with bulimia that you cannot understand why they starve themselves. Everyone wants to be understood and when you somehow care but cannot understand the person, it inadvertently makes them unheard. Which I have expressed to my roach multiple times, but ironically, too, she won't understand that understanding is what is necessary to help first.

Yeah, it's quite circular and selfish, really. Like, the problem is my spider's and it affects us; it is not our own problem and to think that her to stop drinking is dependent on someone beyond my grandma needing to understand is externalizing a *very* internal problem.

If she understood alcoholism as a disease, coupled with her very clearly troubled life, she'd think more of her spider rather than her reaction to her spider. Problems can't be solved by not understanding and empathizing. Which all, of course, I can do is reiterate that point. But that's the rant, with much fewer words.

It is intuitive to know what I am saying is real or accurate or not; and more accurately to that, which parts of what I am stating is accurate to myself and the complexity of the world and the way in which we observe it. Unsarcastic and unplayful academia is unacademic.

The comedian, in shifting the goalpost of what is acceptable, unmasks the currently acceptable as unacceptable and shifts the cultural paradigm further to that negation of certainty in thought; comedy unlines the thread of the

spectacular fabric.

If he is to find his affection in the affected, he will, too, be affected and eventually infected. By STDs.

The inability to joke about ideas is a form of rigidity in them, a lack of understanding that the idea is not the beginning and end. All ideas are seriously funny.

Jokes exist.

To make a joke that is amiss is just bad coordination. Which is why I don't play football.

The slow betrayal is a fast comedic betrayal, to begin making fun of the impending wrongdoing internally as a means to rationalize the incoming tragedy.

The longer we cannot find concepts to make fun of the longer we will remain to make fun of people and their situations out of boredom and become a soulless bag of eyeshadow.

We become so aware of the logic broken down from sarcasm and satire that we forget to see it eventually see it. "Privilege" is by people who can't do things themselves.

**14**

# Chained in Abstraction

Philosophy is the most obvious sort of obviousness because it deals with what is obviously obvious and it seems to be incredibly obvious because of the obvious essence.

Commodities are so alien to the symbols of thought that the only thing analogous to commodities are commodities themselves.

The political science from political philosophy and philosophy is to murder the illusion of a singular narrative hierarchical politics, politics which operate on all things as objects; a political livelihood which must go beyond the world of facts only but some amount of “goodness”, yet less vague and more abstract.

Communism, beyond Marx, exists as the content of

a person's thought in relations to others' thought and impact on their thought; the communization of behavior is as important as any illegalism in practice to achieve communism -- "communism is the content" to not-completely parrot Roland Simon<sup>[1]</sup>.

"Degeneracy" is the negative perception of rekindling and resocializing emotional interdependence.

There is no free market if presupposed on marketing, for marketing is to robotically have sex with your traders.

The nonviolent society is a society which has fulfilled its conceptual satisfaction, satisfaction met by the satisfaction of a society satisfied with its impure desires -- desires which are no longer classified by purity.

The new communization of the Earth will be a rejection of the opportunism of Communism and analysis in the framework of machine learning and the coherent ambiguity of valuation. The paradoxes from philosophical investigation will lead the communization and new value science from which communization takes form.

The mere representation of things, the synonymous alienation, is inextricably linked to the universe and our relations as they appear to be. To be against representation, to find that as art is a domestication of symbolic thinking and creates a new symbology, is to find only the illusion of symbols. The will, the self, civilization, hierarchy, my com-

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1. A shorter version of a quote from Roland Simon's *Theorie Communiste* in which communism is mentioned as the form of content of communization, not as an end.

mas, ... they are all symbols which represent something to us — it is the connection of valuation, the quantity, and quality of symbolic representation is the paradox we cannot feel except in the places in which art discomforts us. Jealousy is a distant representation of an inability to have as flexible of a lived illusory state as our states of existing are. The convolution of thought, from facts to pictures to representation to subjects to valuation to whatever of the symbology of thought is the coherent thought; the obfuscated is as coherent as any incongruency is, for incongruency, minimal incongruence as a multiplicity, is the rule, not the exception. The exception is the formalization of value, as congruency to only the quantity or quality of value. The balance is an imbalance maintained in a super-status of representation we loosely call “art”.

The images of which the world are comprised of that do not elicit a language of meaning to the receiver of the image thinks God made the images rather than the images existing nonessentially.

The source is found in the expressed thought rather than the person of which the thought is expressed. The unconsidered thought will not hold a visceral and appreciative response in the one who encounters the thought. To not consider beyond the source and become the source by actual understanding only happens by thinking the considerable thoughts.

Smells like Teen Socialism.

Anarchism means chaos as much as it means order. The order of anarchy comes from the disorderly — the chaotic — “nature” of humans. To make anarchism unhuman is to make it a system, the very un-nature of anarchism.

To be an anarchist in abstract labeling doesn't matter for to care of whether one considers themselves an anarchist in any way is against the very underpinning of anarchism to understand abstraction practically. The anarchist without adjectives, the person who espouses anarchist sympathies and understands the necessity of the formal anarchism, is, arguably, more valuable than the anarchist themselves; the anarchistic non-anarchist is the mediator between theory and praxis -- a full example of lifestylism.

The private is the absolution and the social -- the communal -- is the negation of a set. The set is what is sacred and sees only the systemic.

The anarchist philosophy must assert itself in the materialization of abstraction for the anarchist supposition of negating the conditions the State, to be the assertion of choice, is an abstract concept rooted in the connection to abstraction. Anarchism is not only the fulfillment of ideals but the philosophical political life. Anarchism restates the obvious beings of existence in political thought: choice, decentralization, social individualism, lifestylism, accommodation, feminism... It is the nexus of politics and philosophy; as such, like philosophy, to truly impact the world, it must not operate under a sole adjective. The philosophies of universalism, of monism, of dualism, of Platonism, all die as much as an anarchism with adjectives. The adjective to philosophy and anarchism which creates a complete ideal is the vagueness of abstraction, the simplification of language to the point at which the very thing which anarchism and philosophy naturally evolve to become opposed to in idea becomes the face. Just like any so-called "Socialism" which sees no collective, decentral liberty before it but after it.



Download anarchism.

The natural outcome of things is its outcome; product from labor, the company from love, foot fetishism from cinematography, and so on.

The anarchist who is not an audiophile is an anarchist with boundaries and has not experienced the psychedelic foundation of reality. Musicality is boundless and all-encompassing of emotional breadth; the “order” which derives from that formless “chaos”.

The philosophical underpinning to anarchism as the leftest wing to socialism is contended on the abolition of the value-form and to communize, from which any theorization is contended on the complex nodes of decentralized communication found between all things. The deeper to go is to find greater multiplicity, it is fashionable and unfashionable, modern and post-modern, realistic and mystic — the fear from Bookchin is misguided in misunderstanding the surface is only coherent by language, beneath what we see when we come back to the surface is the description of depth rather than the depth itself in the anarchic association and communization. To be distant and remain in modernization, to not accelerate and take caution with action is to negate the implications of the spiritual aspect of philosophy in relation to our politics: the spirit is not a Holy Ghost, it is a mind connected to its own feeling. Bookchin was correct.

The anarchist which rebrands anarchism as order is correct as the statist who brands anarchy as chaos; anarchism, as the system of order which arises from a lack of hierarchical orderliness, is the births itself from chaos. The orderly holds no hierarchy over chaos as greed does

over humans, the orderly or chaotic is perspective and the novelty of the system of lack thereof as manifested experiences, is the form itself. Order and chaos as a binary exist arbitrarily in human situation, and anarchism, as the fully socialized and individualized situation, finds itself imperfectly formed by both — as it perfectly should.

Decentralize the systems of all power relations in life to a point at which all hashes are only observably a system.

The ideological purism of praxis to be fulfilled is an example of individualism with collective tendency being wrongful in its conclusions. The praxis is, to begin with, the individual thought and daily modes. To be vegan or not be vegan, to help another rather than to not is an issue of praxis; not all praxis is communitarian first — most isn't. Social praxis is only an outgrowth of ending wisdom.

At the heart of revolution is the relations of the state and people; the revolution is predicated on these two fictions and the idea of a state and people being something quantifiable in a relationship topology rather than socialized topology is the conditioning of perfection in the revolution which seeks only different powers rather than all power by no power. As long as the conditions exist which pits only the state and people against each other we remain in a limbo of the abstraction of liberty rather than its freer cousin, freedom.

Where philosophy ends and politics begins is in the actions taken from philosophy; all political acts are philosophical acts and all philosophical acts become political. The small relations are the relations which establish submissive tendency.

There are so many different dimensions to politics that, in thinking, we belong to one ideology may actually be true, but only somewhat true in the case that it is to forget the other factors of all things such complicated as social order and economic order. A Marxist cannot agree all the time with another Marxist. What of the Marxist who is more technologically deterministic? What of the Marxist who is more primitivistic in their learning?

Eat shid and fard is the part of communization theory and the whole of communism.

I've been thinking about communization and I have already subscribed and first established my understanding of the world in an individualistic manner. I am changing; change, in the regard of it begetting more understanding, is satisfactory towards the betterment of yourself. It is an intrinsic valuation of an intrinsic value -- your mind valuing itself.

None of this-all matters, our lips will go pale and value and form will remain; the individual axiom is only consequential to political life. It-all matters.

As artists, we all find our own style but in order to find our own style, we must first learn what it's like to "steal" another's style, even if unaware it is someone else's style. Art is inherently repurposed, it is no original creation, it's creation through remaking. Baroque was a new Renaissance, the Renaissance from Greece. All art is a remix, a variant, a creation. What has not been done before has been done before, just not together. Nodes are connected; it's selfish and ignorant of the history of ideas to think your art is wholly yours and that you own it as a property.

Thank you, Morgan, from earlier in the book.

The very act of wondering why a role can be challenged is to imply that it is an exception. That one can do this but it is not the rule. If opportunity, the rules of opportunity, are to ever be equal, all opportunities then must be presented as the rule, that any role other than that which is established currently is not out of the realm of the rule, it is part of the rule. The classes are not in the permanent role of being ruled over, it is part of the system itself. When framed as autonomy being exceptional to the rule of ruling, autonomy becomes only a role in itself; the consent to being ruled has then been manufactured and your existence of not being a law-abiding citizen or obedient and absolute is nothing but an exception. The rule is we are autonomous, just that parts of our autonomy have been taken from us.

There will become the point at which art is made as if it is not happening in its present moment but as if it is an inevitability to record the unrecordable as symbolic gestures of remaining where we are. Art will become unsymbolic and full of only the symbols which connect us to an experience we will make simultaneously our own and 'he who we received this deep web of feeling from.

The form of art as not subjective is the case of not knowing oneself or at least one's formation as such. The object has been warped to be the end of all-knowing, that the objectivism is the true epistemic responsibility one holds; but object and subject do not exist with one as more important than the other. But, as subjects ourselves, we have the capability to understand subjects more -- if we are to first understand or at least appreciate our own beginnings. The subjectivity of art is not, nor has it ever

been, a closing. It is the negation of that closing and is, like all subjects we observe, an opening into the multiplicity of interpretation and appreciation of difference and contradiction of subjectiveness. Art is subjective, value is subjective -- as subjects, the unobjective nature is a blessing. A harder blessing than the seemingly uninterpretable nature of objectivity which gives a narrative and platonic structure, but a blessing no less.

Authoritarianism is self-defeating; no authoritarian wants to be ruled over.

We are all artists because we are all able to be intuitive and we are all intuitive because we could all learn reason and we are all scientists because we can reason, if we cannot reason, we cannot experience and if we cannot experience we cannot reason.

The only art which exists is the art which, in the artist's head, exists independent of his economic condition. The art of an artist in a museum, often, unless he truly believes in his art, is just academe.

Art, particularly graphic design, is a greater tool than the wheel has been for human discovery.

The lack of appreciation of logos is to be without logos.

Consumed distractions exist to become representation of freedoms for a temporary time rather than experience freedom from creation and consuming and consummation.

The magic of something -- the art of something -- does not lie in its mystery before understanding, it lies in

applying the understanding to create more. Only to the uncreative is a mystery ever gone; there are always mysteries, big and small, to discover and solve -- and even create.

Thus, the importance of learning is that it is continual, there is no absolute knowledge. To learn is to learn is to learn.

The same ideology, the different powers. Power is as flexible in ideology as I am when cracking my back.

The socialistic people, the people on the “political Left”, the anarchistic people, the other groups very dissimilar in more than “social” ... revere art because it is an understanding politics, and all values and forms, are artistic in their nature. There is an art to conjuring up all of the values to be noted. There is an art in producing a new form. The values and forms and the way we organize them to live satisfactorily are all politics is. From its popular form of state regulatory power to the relations we have with other people. All is therefore political and artistic. The unsocial -- the unwillful see first the objects of a social order: people as object, state as object, life as object. Objects are real and necessary to living, but the more we seek the object, the less we'll ever reach it. We'll look from the point of a subject and not realize another's subject. At the heart of lack of social understanding, a lack of understanding the boringness and excitement of art is just that: a lack of understanding; understanding predicated on perspective, perspective which develops empathy, empathy which develops understanding. The hyperfactual nature of valuation is understanding. You cannot understand without perspective and you cannot have perspective without understanding.

If you are not having fun with your anarchism what is the point of your anarchism, then? Is this anarchism even viable in any way if unfun?

Criticism and constant pass checks are necessary for the refining of ideas to gain different perspective from your limited perspective, but the idea that all art must go through a constant pass is not innate in the idea of expression itself but of critical logic — art, clicks, do not need complete refinement beyond whether the artists feels it must.

There is no wisdom which lies in a state beyond abstraction, and there is never nor could there have ever been a reality which is not dependent first upon the subjects and objects.

The assertion of the intelligence of Leftist philosophy without wisdom lies in a misconstruction of wisdom in thinking of the inability of the two to be interrelated.

To be within the system as a whole and not have a part in the partaking of the part-taking is to be within only the system itself and not be the part which can affect this system and live beyond the intrinsic valuation of the falsely systemic. The systematic systemicness of the system is the way by which the system itself becomes systemic; it operates structurally only — adherent to structure as an objective form rather than the subjective formality of the structural basis from which all forms arise.

Murder is political.

The only way to become in touch with our primitive human understanding is to rid of paradigm of symbolic

thought, including primitivity itself. The primitive is as much a symbol of thought as “bourgeoisie” or “money” is symbolic for a smaller multiplicity of understandable narratives. We must understand the progression is the revival of symbolic thought to a point at which thoughts create symbols again rather than only “receive” them.

Structures are conditioned, the structure of any system of governance is by the relation of the people conditioned to each other and an entity named the state. Reclaiming the lives of others is by reclaiming ourselves and reclaiming ourselves is to reclaim by example for others; the allying of reclaiming things for others is helicopter parenting for a society.

Smells like Teen Communization.





**15**

# Adult Childrenism

All ideas must go further.

To give a platform to an idea is to not challenge it effectively; the abolition of an idea happens by contradiction of even a theoretical application, it does not hold up. To be intolerant to intolerant ideas is to challenge their existence in the first place, not the implications of the idea only. To belittle a child, insult their parent.

The adult child is the adult which understands how to be an adult. The adult is the language user who understands that to understand language is almost wholly impossible; language is the language the adult must use to try to be the adult. The child adult is the child which understands how to be a child. The children are adulterated to become new emotional children.

What is the difference between the child and the adult beyond the fact that the child is the ungrown adult and the adult is the ungrown child? The child is a definition of itself and what is the social definition, in the definition that a child must be lesser than adults, more immature. But children have the upperhand to adults for the child is more curious and able to live more fully; but the real adult, the real adult who must live fully to his gradual state from childhood, must, too, be incredibly curious. Thus, the problem of whether there can be uncreative people is predicated on early childhood, and curiosity leads to creativity. All children begin out and end as curious in themselves but it become separate from them as they age; that to think, to wonder, to question things is a problem in itself. That to question God is to have hubris, to wonder what is around us is to waste the time of actually living in the place around us, and to wonder of ourselves is just vain. But, clearly, to be a good "ethical" person, one must be able to understand themselves to understand others and to, by proxy, help others and be compassionate for others as well. The unlearned person of unlearned personability is a problem that creates a chaos -- not a decentralization of the self, a complete chaos of the self in which the self is not understood. Who understands themselves better but the child who can only do but find their place by looking around them? In the ironic case, to not look inward is a case of immaturity of the world itself. The case to not look inward is itself something which the looker must not believe too much or he will, too, forget himself. If he forgets himself then he forgets the world. And no child forgets the world. All children are the world, and socially, the World, too. The compromise the world far more than any adult does.

Unplayful work is unnecessary work. Unworking play

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is unnecessary play. Unnecessary play is unplayful work.  
Unnecessary work is unworkful play. Unwork play and  
play work. Good game.

If studying is not to live fully, then it is not study.

**16**

# Beyond Perfect

Tearing up is fearing down.

Metaphysics, to our physical being, is ontological.

The perfection of anything exists as the mystical nature of the perfect thing; if it is perfect it goes beyond the perfection for all seemingly perfect things are based in imperfection. The unmystical perfection is imperfection itself. The symbolic nature of the propositions which lead to all exists as relations of symbols.

The more we dream of a fantasy of spirit, the more we negate the reality of spirit.

We need closure, paradox sucks. Everything has to end. Perfectionism.

Awareness, even more so than understanding and appreciation, is the *underpinning* of interaction and the nature of our relation to nature. While awareness and understanding act interdependent of each other, to be aware of things, slightly more than understanding, makes us rightly laugh at potential -- almost already indicating and understanding from awareness in itself. The capacity of many are limited less from ability to do and more from lack of awareness of ability to do; from not being aware by not being socialized to be aware, to be circumstantially confined, or to be confined in some extra-mental regard. To appreciate, to live by the feeling from appreciation which elicits a movement in us, is to be aware of that which can be understood and beyond and below understanding, to be beyond perfection.

"I don't have my life together." She whispers in college.

The real jobs are the ones not considered real jobs by other people: a product of rough prescriptions of definitions.





**17**

# The Beginning Wisdoms

Philosophy is sexual.

The beginning wisdom is the gradation of situations beyond fact.

The problem of the learned philosopher is now just making sweeping generalizations that others, if unlearned, either won't follow or will think is an unlearned position itself. All fall into this. Seems any power is all corrupting in nuances.

We're all lovers by nature, and we want lovers who love, too, no matter who or what. Ideas, people, plants, we just want to find the constant new love that exists in ourselves by realizing the love of another that is part of Us.

We, as a species, are continuously on the cusp of something new and needs to be laid bare and nude to understand. We are constantly inventing ourselves and the world around us and the World is doing the same; the only time a duty must be invoked is in the recognition of this only absolute: that the universe is calling for us and us it, one must answer before the other fucking dies.

Everything will make sense not when it is conditioned to meet the culinary requirement of our language master chef of belief of fixation but of when we unfix and gain the constructed control of feeling against the force of control and order and play with what is laid bare in from of us. Everything is looking at us to tell us to hypersexualize, to construct a perception of reality in the variables to glue into conditioning; in the look in her eyes, Everything tells us to open our ears, eyes, nose, mouth, and throat for the ultimate laugh at Nothing.

Everything is able to be understood but it is the mechanisms with which we communicate the ideas and the variables of the conditions surrounding the communicable that we fail to see the sense in the perceivably nonsensical.

All things will be receivable but the manner in which they will be received is between us to be thoughtfully understood and grasped as something not far falling from the tree. The tree leaning to give us the apple of appreciation is a privilege which is easier and harder to attain than the big apple.

If we do not arrive to our point it is that the point has missed us and if we love it, like my wife -- please come back, Sharon -- will come back and accept us with open arms and open legs at some point. The future of the point

of arrival is the present arriving, the snake of the line from the point. The zeroth to fourth dimension in a sentence, in a nonexistent point by perception.

Philosophy begins nothing.

If one has not encountered the same information we have we must not have to educate them. But when has it ever been the case we know of someone who has experienced everything we have?

Impatience of explanation is never not ignorant, it is to want to understand the point without getting to the heart of the point and to believe before the point is ever reached, the point needs to be reached. To be irritated on how the point is reached rather than to focus on the nodes leading to the point patiently (if there is a point) is a remnant of causative thought, that the causal nexus is the apex of understanding.

The problem of getting from a philosophy to a logical philosophy to science is a problem of the amplification of awareness: to be aware the mystery of the world invokes a mysticism, too; that the inherent question of "What is mysticism?" erodes the function of mystical feeling as close to the feeling which reason gives. The construction is only construction. The construct is founded.

The truth I have found for myself in the concept of living -- in the scale of what cosmology has taught us, the scale the values by us has taught us -- is that we must always have to find something greater than us. And, perhaps out of my experience of the lacking understood and the bias that must come with that, the truth I have come with is something I find complex but very simplistic in what makes the universe obviously only so bearable: love.

Love is the only way in which to be free yet simultaneously chained, freedom is a contradiction of value, love is, too. The universe, in this way, contradicts itself, and life must contradict itself, too. In order to appreciate the small, we must think large. In order to notice beauty, we must have seen that which is not beautiful. This is simple, but it implies much about us and our place in how we should and can be as people of the World. The goal is to express, to love. But I'm not satisfied with love. Love, as understood by many philosophers before, transcends us. Like consciousness, it is clearly physically manifested, but it is also metaphysical. Not only love of another but love of something. Love of art, love of science.

The philosopher who only exists in the strict sense of philosophical investigation rather than as a new lifestyle and a new idealistic holistic thought lives not even as a philosopher, lives just as a sitter.

Everything makes sense for the senses as the datum of experience receives the stimuli distant and close to the felt presence of the experience as one separation of decentralization.

Philosophy is the best pun.

Nietzsche wanted to simplify, which is all philosophy is: simplification of the complex; making the world understandably obvious. Thus, philosophy is the best science, a science of simplicity, what is most refined.

Who is a man but his philosophy? A 'man with no philosophy -- not love for wisdom and wisdom of love -- is not -an. He is no he nor we and he doesn't deserve his heness if he is to think philosophy is dead. Our love to be able to formulate thought, to be able to love the process of under-

standing and appreciating itself, is all that we begin and end as. And the end, the conclusion, is the beginning for the beginning is no end but the end itself.

The edge of the world is that place at which logic becomes valid and more than matters of fact but valuistic to the subjects of this new world.

To get the surface level of understanding, that level of observation, is the appreciation we can derive. Understanding is the binding of appreciation from fact, rather than the sight of fact. To see through multiple perspectives is not only to see through but to appreciate it more. The body becomes more understandably appreciated when we see the internal organs.

There is a point at which what is understood around us is the point at which the conversation with ourselves in relations end. It is not a goal nor the presence of “as such” as insofar being itself but it is the content itself — the discovery of the ending wisdoms which began first. The content of the philosophical conversation itself will go on forever, within temporal limitation, but the conversation itself will end. All things come to an end but the process between such a beginning and end will be within temporal limitation to existing forever as content to discover and appreciate.

“The astronomical bodies are the extension of our body and the makeup of our body; the cosmic is bindingly sexual if we make it be, but our base is to first understand our attraction. The socialism of ecology, of between and outers, are the seeds of cosmic understanding and the rose.

No place for philosophical discovery ever dies, only its

influence of examination dies.

The progress of philosophy and regress of philosophy is on the unimportance of horrific comedy and sex as the puristic impure ambiguity which it stirs in us -- only stirring in us anything by the facets we negate to see. Whatever that meant."

In order to understand something, one must create that thing first in order to be understood. As, if not created, then it is not understood by the creator.

It is not that diversity works, it doesn't matter whether it works, it's that diversity is inevitable and the undeniable state of living. Society works in the confines of the world, the arrogance of civilizations (particularly close to a "society") is to think the world works within our confines. Cosmology, simple sights of the World, dismantles the notion of our ego and builds a new, decentral one on the diversity of the World.

Understanding is the perception of pattern *as such*.

What is the objective of understanding is to not understand all of the depth present in understanding but to understand the depth itself. Compassion is the understanding of the depth of another animal's emotional capacity by the understanding that it can be deep and perhaps deeper than one may understand.

Understanding as being predicated on patterns must then be realized, as the nodes of patterns are infinite.

The wisdom which follows a beginning to end rather than an end to a beginning is a platitude from ignorance



pretending to be the soul of knowledge. The narrative from the beginning proposition is a narrative which concerns itself with the false ordering of fact as if it has an order in comprising the world.

The enchantment of the world is a neutral state of experience; not of high human experience as the nexus of perception, but the base appreciation of the world as such. That the observed and felt are enchanting by mere case of being enchanting in itself; the universe is not below or over man as an object but exists as much of a subject as man is -- nihilism, as disenchantment (*disvaluation*) of the world, is the cycle of hedonism and objectivism: the root of observing the universe as only distant object not as the subject from which we are birthed and, in a minuscule way, birth.

I don't want to believe, I don't want to know, I want to understand and appreciate -- I want to understand this alien world which is so far from the conditions of anything understandable. This world, this particular planet, our interaction between ourselves and this planet, and inwardly. There is a cosmos within us wholly misunderstood and lacking in understanding at all. This cosmos within is of the cosmos around us which exists with *quantifiable* understanding. We understand the physics of the universe around us yet not the physics between and within us. The world is alien to me, and all that can ever be wished in life is to understand the world beyond this immediate, identifiable alienation. I shouldn't -- We shouldn't feel alien towards ourselves and the people around us and this world around us, for the reason for which we do is to think science is beyond us; that somehow science is only a tool for manipulation. But in not understanding the science of all things, we become manipulated by it and its manipulation

is the essence of worship, a group psychosis of which we are all apart yet deny for our gods of the *material nature*. There is an underworld to ourselves, an underworld to this world which must be uncovered and danced in. We can only faintly hear the music. I can't hear it at all anymore, but I knew it was there. We all know it to be there, yet we want to just believe it's there rather than understand its existence and its uses and its connection to us. We just need to stop fucking thinking of ourselves only. Fuck you, I love you.

The world isn't cold, not warm, nor hippieish, it's just the World. If we view the world as cold, that is our misconception of the world. The world is warm, it is connected. There is no coldness to science, there is no basis at which something is so metallic as to be inhuman. If so, it's not part of this world, it's part of the extrinsic property we put onto this thing. All are *warm*, the absence of heat is only temporary, just as eventual heat itself. Coldness of fact — of perspective, is illusion.



**I**

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